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"A STUDY"

Miss Juliette Nesville at Home

WRITTEN BY A. HENRIQUES VALENTINE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

EARLY eight years ago, a slim, dainty little actress, in the prim and demure dress of a Quakeress, tripped on to the stage of the Criterion Theatre, and made her first bow to an English audience. To the vast majority of those present she was an utter stranger, and to a limited few the name of Mdlle. Juliette Nesville was only known as that of an exceptionally clever artiste, who had been captivating the hearts of the fashionable set of gay Brussels, in the comic opera of "Miss Helyett." The ordeal she was undergoing was trying enough to test the courage of the most experienced actress. Not only was she playing the title-rôle of "Miss Decima"—the English adaptation of "Miss Helyett"—on the first night of its production, but she was at the same time making her own début in this country, and was essaying these difficulties with the knowledge that her English pronunciation bore convincing testimony of her being a daughter of *la belle France*. The cast was a strong one, and the critics, who were in full force, had come to discuss the English representation of an opera which had gained the reputation abroad of being somewhat risky. But by her own bright and ladylike interpretation of Miss Decima Jackson, by her own natural and unaffected efforts, by her undaunted pluck, and by her charming personality, Mdlle. Juliette Nesville, the youthful stranger of eighteen summers, at once jumped into the favours of an English audience, and there she has remained ever since. The "Mdlle." has long since been dropped for the homely "Miss," and one of the boasts of this little actress is that she is an Englishwoman, and proud of the

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country that, in everything but birth, gave her so cordial a welcome, and to which she is so greatly attached.

In all the parts Miss Juliette Nesville has played, she has won our hearts by her finished style of acting, the complete study of the character, the entire absence of vulgarity, her own natural charm and grace, and her sweet voice, and it is no exaggeration to say that were she to leave the stage she would cause deep regret to a very large circle of theatre-goers, and would be creating a void that would not be easily filled.

Her life itself is very interesting, and she was good enough to give me all the details I wanted at her picturesque flat in Bedford Court Mansions, at one of those delightful little tea-parties she is so fond of giving to what she terms "clever" men—in other words, her friends of an artistic temperament, such as the musician, the painter, the writer, the actor, and the journalist, whom she is in the habit of drawing round her, and who are so willing to obey the summons. While you are having your tea, Juliette Nesville will suddenly jump to the piano, and accompanied, perhaps, by some celebrated musician, or by herself, will sing the sweetest of French chansons or some old English ballad, which sound all the sweeter as they are sung in a drawing-room and without any stage effect.

"In the first place, you must understand," she said to me, with a roguish smile, "that I am according you a special privilege, as I object to being interviewed, which I consider as trying an ordeal as being photographed. But if the readers of *THE LUDGATE* are good enough to be interested in me, like Mr. Barkis, I am willin'. My proper name?

As you suppose, Nesville is my *nom de théâtre*. I am sure I don't know if I was intended for the stage. A well-known London critic was kind enough to say of me that I was a 'born' actress, but on that occasion he was more of a courtier than a critic. All I know is, that what histrionic ability I possess is not in any way inherited, as my parents were in no way connected with the stage."

"Now, Miss Nesville, tell me all you can of your early life."

"My early life was surrounded by rather severe and religious associations. In order to prepare for my spiritual welfare in after-life, my parents put me into a convent, but before I was twelve years of age there was a change of scene, and I was sent over to England, and placed in another convent to learn English. This was in the unromantic neighbourhood of Clapham. I remained there three years, and then returned to France. Always having a taste for music and singing, I determined to study from a professional point of view, and when I was sixteen years of age was admitted at the Paris Conservatoire. I worked hard there, and my efforts were rewarded, as in twelve months I received the second prize at the Opéra Comique. In the following year I made my first appearance on the stage as the page Loys, in 'Jeanne d'Arc,' at the Porte St. Martin, with the great Bernhardt in the title-rôle. The music was written by Gounod, and there were 150 pupils submitted to him to select from to play the part of the page. The choice lay among three of us, viz., Madame Bréval, who is now the star of the opera in Paris, Madame Pacary, who holds a similarly high position in Brussels, and myself; but the great maestro finally selected little me, and paid me a pretty compliment at the same time, which I shall always value. My first appearance was not propitious, as my stage shoes did not fit, and I missed my entrance, with the result that the curtain had to be rung

down, and lifted a second time. I was not a bit unnerved, however, and Sarah Bernhardt came to me as I was sitting coolly on a stool, and said 'Child, you are courageous now, because you are a novice to the stage, but the more experience you get the more nervous you will be.' I have since learnt the truth of the words of the kind-hearted tragedienne, who to this day takes a personal interest in my professional



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE IN "JEANNE D'ARC"

career, by writing me occasional kindly letters. The morning following the *première*, *Gil Blas* made fun of the incident, by saying that little Juliette Nesville was too big for her boots. Of course I regarded the engagement with Madame Bernhardt as an exceptional honour for a novice, and a great stimulus to future work. I obtained permission to leave the Conservatoire, and on the 3rd of February, 1890, I created the title-rôle in 'Ma Mie Rosette' at the Folies Dramatiques.

I appeared in a number of other operas at the same theatre, and re-created among other parts that of Azurine, in 'La Fille de l'Air,' revived in June, 1890, after a lapse of thirty-five years, and was the original Djemileh, in the spectacular opera 'L'Égyptienne.' I was then engaged by M. Bucheron for the title-rôle in 'Miss Helyett,' when his comedy-opera was produced at the Galeries, in Brussels, and during the run of this piece for eighty nights I was made enough fuss of in the Belgian capital to turn any young girl's head. Here, for instance, are some of the flattering things that were said of me at the time; you can read them for yourself, but they are not for publication."

Miss Nesville then handed me a number of Press notices, and as she was too modest to read them I am sure she will excuse my breach of confidence in reproducing some. Among other pretty things I read that, "Crowds assembled every afternoon to see her

play at dominoes at a café in the Boulevard Anspach," and that "the *Maitre d'hôtel* at the Taverne Royale is reputed to have made a fortune by reserving the supper tables next to that frequented by Mdle. Nesville for enthusiastic admirers," and that "the florists declare she proved a more fertile source of bouquets and trophies than the beautiful Miss Sybil Sanderson, or the silver-toned Mdle. de Nuovina Smith," and that "imaginative critics and reporters were daily marrying her to English noblemen and American millionaires." But the gay Belge were soon doomed to despair—to "put on mourning," as one love-sick journalist wrote—for the pride of Brussels was offered an engagement by Mr. Charles Wyndham to play "Miss Decima" in Burnand's adaptation of "Miss Helyett" at the Criterion, with the late Mr. David James as the leading actor. She was delighted at the idea, as London was the goal of her ambition; "and I thought it would be such fun to delight my old school-fellows at Clapham," she added.

Brussels' loss was London's gain, and from the time she appeared on an English stage Juliette Nesville met with instantaneous success, and she has remained with us ever since. To mark her kindly reception in England, Miss Nesville gave her famous "Miss Decima Dinner" at the Criterion Restaurant to the company, at which the *bonne bouche* was the *Chamcis Peak glacée à la Nesville*. The delightful opera of "Miss Decima" had a most successful run, and then Miss Nesville played the title-rôle in "Ma Mie Rosette," which is one of the prettiest parts she has enacted, but it did not give the opportunities to show her exceptional capabilities as did the pert Quakeress, Decima Jackson. This was a part that suited her down to the ground, and one which will always be interminably associated with her name. Asked which character in her repertoire she liked best, Miss Nesville answered: "Miss



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE IN "THE ARTIST'S MODEL"

Photo by ALFRED ELLIS, Upper Baker Street

Decima, without a doubt. I have an intense affection for it, and the public liked it immensely. Audran wrote some of his prettiest music for it, and Burnand, the genial editor of *Punch*, some of his brightest and wittiest dialogue, and I think it will always be popular."

Miss Nesville appeared in a number of plays and musical comedies after "Ma Mie Rosette." She played with much success the part of Clairette in

Artist's Model," she appeared as Juliette Diamant in "The Geisha," but had to temporarily retire from the stage through illness. On her recovery she played Gilberte in "My Friend the Prince," at the Garrick, at the same time as she was playing in "The Geisha." "This was rather good fun," Miss Nesville assured me; "playing two characters at different theatres on the same night—but awful hard work, as it leaves you little time to get out of one stage costume into another, and then back to the first theatre again."

Her successes in these parts are of such recent date and are too well known to need any recapitulation here. Her Anglo-French song in "The Gaiety Girl," when you are wisely advised to take a bus if you can't afford a hansom, and to keep your "tempare" if you can, is still immensely popular, judging by the applause it nightly produced when Miss Nesville sang it at the Alhambra, where she was appearing when this interview took place.

Among the many rôles Miss Nesville has sustained, it is not generally known that she has played that of a sportswoman and race-horse owner, though I must say, regretfully, this is the only part she has not played with much success. Her striking colours of black and emerald-green are still registered at Weatherby's, and although she won a couple of races with Ross, who, Miss Nesville assures me, was "a love of a horse," she had more success in pony and galloway races. She is also a

good rider herself, and an excellent whip. She "dearly loves English horses and Englishmen," more so than Englishwomen and English climate, thinks Sunday in London a relic of barbarism, and a Covent Garden ball the acme of gaiety, and a complete denial to the French idea that English people take their pleasures sadly. One of her chief delights is to give her services for a charity performance, where she is always a great attraction,



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE AT THE ALHAMBRA

Photo by ALFRED ELLIS, Upper Baker Street

"Madame Angot" at the Criterion, and was then secured by Mr. George Edwardes to play the French maid in "The Gaiety Girl," and the saucy French milliner in "The Artist's Model" at Daly's. In the interim, Miss Nesville went to America with the Gaiety Company, and on her return to England she played the part of Sally Lebrune in "The Triumph of the Philistines," which Mr. George Alexander produced at the St. James's Theatre. After "The

or to be associated with any good cause. By the poorer members of her profession she is dearly loved for her many kind and thoughtful actions; for the size of her heart is out of all proportion to her stature. One of these days she intends making a tour of the hospitals and prisons, just to see for herself how the inmates are treated. Another ambition is to "write something," as she has a literary gift; and had she not been a successful actress I think she would have made her mark as a writer.

Of her future movements a great deal

depends on a suitable part being written for her; but I am not breaking confidence when I say that she will shortly revive, under her own management, her favourite opera of "Miss Decima," and also produce a one-act musical comedy, the music of which has been specially written for her by Leoncavallo.

"And now," she added merrily, "*au revoir*. I must dress for the theatre, as you have detained me longer than you should have done; and good luck to THE LUDGATE and its readers." And with a sigh I left her.






THE MONASTERY ON ATHOS.

A Pic-nic on Mount Athos

WRITTEN BY MRS. CHARLES H. NEVILL. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTO-
GRAPHS BY C. M. NEVILL AND HORACE BROWN

“ND, ladies,” concluded the Captain, “remember when you return home that it will be useless to boast you have landed on Mount Athos, because *no one will* believe you!”

He was right! Nobody did believe us!

Many were the speculations on board the yacht as to whether or not we ladies should be allowed to go on shore at Athos, and cold water was dashed with an unsparing hand upon our hopes by the men.

“For fourteen hundred years,” said one, “no woman has been allowed to set foot upon the Holy Mountain, why then should *you* hope to be the favoured exceptions?”

“And an armed guard is placed to keep out robbers, women, and female animals of all kinds!” continued another, as he closed a certain red guide-book with a convincing hang.

Nevertheless, we trusted the New Woman might penetrate regions where neither cow, duck, nor hen was per-

mitted; and Murrays and Bædekers lay on the deck thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, as we “read up” Athos and hoped for the best.

At the south of Turkey three promontories stretch like gigantic fingers into the Ægean Sea, the most easterly of these is Mount Athos. Its coast is indented by deep fissures and bays, and a chain of mountains runs down the centre, terminating in the Peak of Athos—a huge mass of rock which rears itself 6,000 feet into the clear, blue air.

On its highest pinnacle is a tiny chapel, and its precipitous sides are covered with dense forests of beech and chestnuts, olive groves, and vineyards.

Many legends are connected with Athos. A giant is said to have picked it up in Thrace intending to throw it at Mount Olympus, but it fell short into the sea; and a myth of the Middle Ages held that it was once the home of the Virgin, and the scene of Christ's Temptation on the mountain.

The Empress Helena founded the

first monastery, and at the present day there are about twenty, containing among them some 3,000 monks. This does not include the innumerable small cells and hermitages scattered among the forests, and perched upon almost every available ledge of rock.

The rules are very strict. In most of the monasteries meat is seldom tasted, and in some never. Though neither cows nor hens are allowed on Athos the monks use both milk and eggs, imported from the mainland. This is, I think, rather mean!

There are four long fasts in each year, amounting altogether to over 150 days, and during these fasts but one meagre meal of bread and vegetables is allowed at noon. For the first three days of Lent those monks, whose health permits of it, eat literally nothing. An unbroken night's rest is *never* known, as the first service commences in the church about two a.m.

As we steamed slowly along the coast one monastery after another appeared to glide past like a vast panorama. Huge fortresses, following no regular plan,

but each one adapting itself to the form of rock to which it clung. Some looked almost inaccessible, and as if a balloon would be the only feasible method of approach. With the exception of Pompeii the buildings are the oldest existing specimens of domestic architecture, and the life within their walls is that of "mediaeval times"—unchanged in manners and customs.

In the brilliant sunshine the great buildings looked a wonderful mass of colouring, their roofs in particular showing all the glowing iridescent hues of fine old copper plates. Some, a golden green, shaded into dark bronze where time and tempest had weathered the tiles, while others showed a ruddy violet tinge, "the colour of a copper tea-kettle where it begins to turn purple." One or two roofs were covered with a soft, dusky cloud of grey and yellow lichen—lovely to behold.

It was towards evening when we dropped anchor off the monastery we had come so far to visit, but it was too dusk to see more than its dim outlines against the pale, lemon-tinted sky. Our



INNER COURT OF THE MONASTERY

courier went ashore to make arrangements for the following day, and we all turned in early, worn out with a surfeit of monasteries and Murray.

The next morning was magnificent, with a cloudless blue sky, and the sea all sparkling little waves in the warm sunshine. The joyful news had been passed round before breakfast that we were *all* to be allowed to land, and we were anxious to start lest the permission should be withdrawn.

We were somewhat amused to hear that all the younger monks had been ordered to keep within doors until the ladies had returned to the yacht. Even the distant sight of a petticoat was not to be granted them.

We landed at a long, roughly-built little pier, and when, breathless from haste and excitement, we had all scrambled up the slippery steps, we found ourselves confronted by three solemn old monks, who gazed at us with quiet but evidently intense interest. An energetic conversation, with much gesticulation, followed between our courier and the monks, while we anxiously awaited the result, looking, as we stood huddled together rather like a flock of sheep in a strange pasturage.

Finally, the gentlemen were marched off under the charge of two monks, and we ladies were told we might walk round certain portions of the garden under the escort of a Turkish soldier—who doubtless received strict orders not to lose sight for a single moment of one of us.

This Turkish guard is the only Mahomedan allowed on the peninsula, and even he may not have one wife in his house—not to mention a harem! He seemed greatly impressed with his responsibility as he walked off followed by us in a long straggling line, and looked rather like a three-tailed Bashaw.

We had been instructed to walk close after our guide, and to keep beneath the shadow of the high garden wall until we were out of sight of the monastery. One or two of the girls forgot this, and strayed down to the water's edge, but they were quickly recalled to the path of rectitude and stones—the finger (a very soiled one!) of authority pointing out that by thus wandering away they

could be seen from the windows of the monastery.

We had a warm walk, for the path was rough, and the sun was reflected from the stone wall until we felt as if we were in an oven. The contrast was delicious when our guide opened a wooden door in the wall, and we passed through into an olive garden.

The twisted trees, ancient and hoary, threw dense shadows around—not a silvery leaf moving in the still sunshine. Delicate sprays of asphodel thrust slender heads through the long grass, and our feet made a pleasant rustle



PART OF THE MONASTERY

among the dry blossoms of an "immortelle," that covered the ground with a pale purple bloom.

We wandered about gathering flowers while our guide smoked, and regarded us with indulgent eyes. When his cigarette was finished he led the way across the garden into a lovely lane full of pink shadows from the over-arching peach trees.

Here we had a glimpse of the forbidden monastery which looked immense



A CAMPANILE IN THE MONASTERY

when seen so near. Lofty towers, some square, some pointed, reached far above the tall trees, latticed windows supported on slender brackets, peeped from beneath the heavy eaves, turrets with narrow, barred slits, and little flights of stairs and hanging balconies cropped out in all directions. Many of the smaller turrets and domes were painted in various bright colours, and the appearance of the whole place was picturesque in the extreme. Almond and peach trees shot up over odd bits of wall, and the air was full of the chiming of bells, and the quick rush of a little stream that tumbled by the roadside.

From the lane we were taken into a kitchen garden, full of nothing but lettuces. I never before saw so many growing at one time. At the other end of this garden a rough bridge of planks led across a stream to a large platform with a roof, like a great wooden mushroom, over it. Round this platform was a broad bench upon which we were asked to be seated while *déjeuner* was brought to us by some of the lay brethren.

Each monastery has a number of these lay brothers attached to it, who perform the more menial tasks of the household. Many labourers also are employed in the fields and gardens, several of whom we saw in the course of our walk, and very rough they looked. They were dressed in coarse blue or black garments

of a nondescript cut, and one or two wore heavy sheepskin coats, "the hairy side in." Some had shirts of rough linen, and some had none, while the foot gear of all consisted mainly of multi-coloured rags tied on with string.

Just across the stream was a bit of ground with a heap of flower-pots and gardening implements in one corner covered by a rough lean-to roof. Upon this roof eight or nine men piled themselves, and gazed open-mouthed at us and our *déjeuner*!

Now we understood why the lettuce is grown on Athos by the thousand and tens of thousand, for it formed the principal part of our *déjeuner*! An enormous basket heaped with them, all freshly cut and washed, crisp and cool, was passed round, and we helped ourselves freely. When we were all served the basket was set down in the middle of the floor, and a second lay brother walked round carrying a large circular tin tray with a curious shaped pewter salt cellar on it. Into this universal dish we by turn dipped our lettuces and prepared to nibble them like so many rabbits. I thought of Nebuchadnezzar immediately, and I am sure we must have all looked very funny. Hard white discs of bread were also offered us, and thin red wine in small, very thick glass tumblers.

The basket of lettuce was handed round a second time, but this was more

than human nature could stand! For good manners sake we each took another and walked about for the rest of the morning clasping it as if it were a flabby specimen of some new sort of bouquet. We created quite a sensation when we met the gentlemen, and they were much impressed with our festive appearance! They had had a meal somewhat similar to ours, but olives, nuts, and fresh raisins had been served to them in addition, also a liqueur made on the place. (Monks and liqueurs seem inseparably connected.)

one of the most ancient on Athos, dating as far back as the tenth century. (Murray says *all* the churches are built on the Byzantine plan, with its wealth of domes and pinnacles, frescoes, and Mosaics.) This church possesses some very beautiful hanging silver lamps, and an endless assortment of relics. A very precious one was kept behind the altar in a magnificent box, and shown with much solemnity; but Athos abounds in relics, from the jewelled casket containing a foot of St. Anne upwards.



FOUNTAIN IN THE MONASTERY

They were delighted with their visit to the monastery, which, from their description, seemed an immense place. Everything was scrupulously clean and neat, particularly in the infirmary, where there were several sick monks. The doctor did what he could for them in the limited time, and much longed to do more. Possibly from a spirit of gratitude, he and my husband (who was with him) appear to have been shown several curious things that the rest of the party did not see. The church is

As we walked back to the pier we passed the main entrance to the monastery. A small space in front of the large door was paved with those stones like "petrified potatoes" set on end. As one or two of the girls were about to walk over this tiny bit of pavement they were gently but firmly motioned away. Evidently it was a spot too near the monastery and too sacred for the high heels of a woman to profane.

We returned to the yacht with many and varied souvenirs of our visit ashore,

flowers and fruit, curious little loaves of bread, and enough lettuce to last for the remainder of our voyage. Nuts are largely grown for exportation, and a generous supply had been put into the cutter, together with some of the grapes that are dried for raisins. Their flavour is delicious, but they are too sweet to be refreshing.

Permission had been granted for some of the monks to come on board, with the carvings they execute in their short leisure moments. They arrived after luncheon amid great excitement, and I managed to get a bird's-eye snap at them just as they were disembarking. They were dressed in long, flowing black robes, with large open sleeves, and wore on their heads a curious black cap like a saucepan without its handle.

Many of the monks are forbidden to cut either hair or beard, and one or two of those who came on board had back hair so long that the ends were turned up again beneath the cap. They were delighted to be photographed, and one dear old man put himself into a solemn attitude, as if he were taking part in some religious rite.

The carvings (made in the winter-time for exportation to Russia and Greece) consisted of wooden spoons, walking-sticks, and "scratch-backs";

rosaries made of shells, coral, amber, and olive wood; crosses and crucifixes. Some of the crucifixes were very elaborate, the tracery being filled in with colour, and the backgrounds gilded.

The quarter-deck looked like a fancy fair, and we bought up everything. In fact, had there been time to send on shore for another consignment of goods, that too would have vanished.

Everything has, alas! an end, and the afternoon passed too quickly both for ourselves and our strange guests. They looked melancholy, and would fain have stayed longer. ("*Nous sommes enterrés vivants*," said one mournfully); but their boat was waiting, and our captain was anxious for us to be well away from land before nightfall.

So, the last words were spoken and the boat with its lonely-looking men pulled away towards shore. We saw them later all crowded into a little balcony waving farewell to us. We watched them through our glasses as we slowly steamed away, until the distance increased so much that the dark figures were no longer visible.

The setting sun shone redly on the many windows of the great monastery long after its outlines were indistinguishable from the mountains behind; then, suddenly, we rounded a headland and it was gone.



MONKS ON BOARD



"APRIL'S DARLING"

"APRIL'S DARLING"

WRITTEN BY J. J. BELL. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

BECAUSE you came in April
A bird life lives in you,
A life with wings that soars and sings
A note for ever new.
So sweet a note ne'er thrilled a throat
Nor leapt from lute or lyre . . .
Oh! you are April's darling—
And all my heart's desire!

The lyric of your laughter,
The mavis in your speech,
The hopeful skies within your eyes
Are out of Sorrow's reach.
I've one refrain for sun and rain,
For dawn of day and night :—
Oh! you are April's darling—
And all my heart's delight!

Since beauty is your birthright
And worship but your due,
Since you have love as few have love,
What can I pray for you?
My prayer is one that was begun
The day I found you, dear :
God keep you, April's darling—
And mine—from Winter's fear.



WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KIGHT

IN THREE EPISODES



FIRST EPISODE.

T is certainly a wonderful yarn," said Trant. "and excellent copy. My only regret is that I didn't think of it myself in the first instance."

"But, Tom, why shouldn't it be true? It's incredible enough for any one to believe. I'm sure I believe it, don't you, Guy?"

Guy Descaves laughed. "Perhaps, dear. I don't know and I don't much care, but I did a good little leaderette on it this morning. Have you done anything, Tom?"

"I did a whole buck middle an hour ago at very short notice. That's why I'm a little late. I had finished all my work for the night, and I was just washing my hands when Fleming came in with the make-up. We didn't expect

him at all to-night, and the paper certainly was rather dull. He'd been dining somewhere, and I think he was a little bit cocked. Anyhow he was nasty, and kept the presses back while I did a 'special' on some information he brought with him."

While he was talking, Beatrice Descaves, his *fiancée* began to lay the table for supper, and in a minute she called them to sit down. The room was very large, with cool white-papered walls, and the pictures, chiefly original black and white sketches, were all framed in *passe pas Tout* frames, which gave the place an air of serene but welcome simplicity. At one end of it was a great window which came almost to the floor, and in front of the window there was a low, cushioned seat. The night was very hot, and the window was wide open. It was late—nearly half-past one, and London was quite

silent. Indeed the only sound that they could hear was an occasional faint burst of song and the tinkling of a piano, which seemed to come from the neighbourhood of Fountain Court.

Guy Descaves was a writer, and he lived with his sister Beatrice in the Temple. Trant, who was also a journalist on the staff of a daily paper, and who was soon going to marry Beatrice, often came to them there after his work was done. The three young people lived very much together, and were very happy in a delightful unfettered way. The Temple was quiet and close to their work, and they found it in these summer days a most peaceful place when night had come to the town.

They were very gay at supper in the big, cool room. Trant was a clever young man and very much in love, and the presence of Beatrice always inspired him to talk. It was wonderful to sit by her, and to watch her radiant face, or to listen to the music of her laugh which rippled like water falling into water. Guy, who was more than thirty, and was sure that he was very old, liked to watch his sister and his friend together, and to call them "you children."

"What is the special information that the editor brought, dear?" Beatrice asked Trant, as soon as they were seated round the table.

"Well," he answered. "It seems that he managed to get hold of young Egerton Cotton, Professor Glazebrook's assistant, who is staying at the Metropole. Of course various rumours have got about from the crew of the ship, but nothing will be definitely known till the inquest to-morrow. Cotton's story is really too absurd, but Fleming insisted on its going in."

"Did he give him much for his information?" Descaves asked.

"Pretty stiff, I think. I know the *Courier* offered fifty, but he stuck out. Fleming only got it just at the last moment. It's silly nonsense, of course, but it'll send the sales up to-morrow."

"What is the whole thing exactly?" Beatrice asked. "All that I've heard is that Professor Glazebrook brought back some enormous bird from the Arctic, and that just off the Nore the thing escaped and killed him. I'm sure

that sounds quite sufficiently extraordinary for anything; but I suppose it's all a lie."

"Well," said Trant. "What Egerton Cotton says is the most extraordinary thing I have ever heard—it's simply laughable—but it will sell three hundred thousand extra copies. I'll tell you. I've got the whole thing fresh in my brain. You know that Professor Glazebrook was one of the biggest biologists who have ever lived, and he's been doing a great, tedious, monumental book on prehistoric animals, the mammoth and all that sort of thing that E. T. Reid draws in *Punch*. Some old scientific Johnny in Wales used to find all the money, and he fitted out the Professor's exploration ship, the "Henry Sandys, to go and find these mammoths and beasts which have got frozen up in the ice. Don't you remember about two years ago when they started from Tilbury? They got the Lord Mayor down, and a whole host of celebrities, to see them go. I was there reporting, I remember it well, and Reggie Lance did an awfully funny article about it, which he called 'The hunting of the Snark.' Well, Egerton Cotton tells Fleming—the man *must* be mad—that they found a whole lot of queer bears and things frozen up, but no very great find until well on into the second year, when they were turning to come back. Fleming says he's seen all the diaries and photographs and everything; they had a frightfully hard time. At last one day they came across a great block of ice, and inside it, looking as natural as you please, was a huge winged sort of dragon creature, as big as a cart horse. Fleming saw a photograph. I don't know how they faked it up, and he says it was the most horrid cruel sort of thing you ever dreamt of after lobster salad. It had big, heavy wings, and a beak like a parrot, little flabby paws all down its body like a caterpillar, and a great bare, pink, wrinkled belly. Oh, the most filthy-looking brute! They cut down the ice till it was some decent size, and they hauled the whole thing chock-a-block, like a prune in a jelly, into the hold. The ice was frightfully hard, and one of the chains of the donkey engine broke once, and the whole thing fell, but even then the block held firm. It took

them three weeks to get it on board. Well, they sailed away with their beastly Snark as jolly as sandboys, and Cotton says the Professor was nearly out of his mind with joy—used to talk and mumble to himself all day. They put the thing in a huge refrigerator like the ones the Australian mutton comes over in, and

and he could sit just outside the brilliant circle of light thrown by the tall shaded lamp. The other two listened motionless, and as he unfolded the grisly story, his voice coming to them out of the darkness became infinitely more dramatic and impressive.

"Well, Cotton says that this went on



"AT LAST ONE DAY THEY CAME ACROSS A GREAT BLOCK OF ICE"

Glazebrook used to turn on the electric lights and sit muffled up in furs watching his precious beast for hours."

He stopped for a moment to light a cigarette, noticing with amusement that Guy and Beatrice were becoming tremendously interested. He made Beatrice pour him out a great tankard of beer before he would go on, and he moved to the window-seat, where it was cooler,

for a long time. He had to do all the scientific work himself, writing up their journals and developing the photos, as the Professor was always mysteriously pottering about in the cellar place. At last, one day, Glazebrook came into the cabin at lunch or whatever they have, and said he was going to make a big experiment. He talked a lot of rot about toads and reptiles being impri-

soned for thousands of years in stones and ice, and then coming to life, and he said he was going to try and melt out the dragon and tickle it into life with a swingeing current from the dynamo. Cotton laughed at him, but it wasn't any good, and they set to work to thaw the creature out with braziers. When they got close to it Cotton said that the water from the ice, as it melted, got quite brown and *smelt*! It wasn't till they were within almost a few hours from the Channel—you remember they put into some place in Norway for coal—and steaming for London River as hard as they could go, that they got it clear.

"While they were fixing the wires from the dynamo room, Cotton hurt his ankle and had to go to his bunk for some hours to rest. He begged Glazebrook to wait till he could help, for he had become insensibly interested in the whole uncanny thing, but it was no use. He says the fellow was like a madman, red eyes with wrinkles forming up all round them, and so excited that he was almost foaming at the mouth. He went to his cabin frightfully tired, and very soon fell asleep. One of the men woke him up by shaking him. The man was in a blue funk and told him something dreadful had happened in the hold. Cotton hobbled up to the big hatchway, which was open, and as he came near it with the mate and several of the men, he said he could hear a coughing choked-up kind of noise, and that there was a stench-like ten thousand monkey houses. They looked in and saw this great beast *alive*! and squatting over Glazebrook's body picking out his inside like a bird with a dead crab."

Beatrice jumped up with a scream. "Oh Tom, Tom, don't, you horrid boy! I won't hear another word. I shan't sleep a wink. Ugh! how disgusting and ridiculous. Do you mean to tell me that you've actually gone to press with all that ghastly nonsense? I'm going to bathe my face, you've made me feel quite hot and sticky. You can tell the rest to Guy, and if you haven't done by the time I come back, I won't say good-night to you, there!"

She left the room, not a little disconcerted by the loathsome story which

Trant, forgetting his listeners, had been telling with the true journalist's passion for sensational detail. Guy knocked the ashes slowly out of his pipe. "Well?" he said.

"Oh, there isn't much more. He says they all ran away and watched from the companion steps, and presently the beast came flopping up on deck, with its beak all over blood, and its neck coughing and working. It got half across the hatchway and seemed dazed for about an hour. No one seemed to think of shooting it! Then Cotton says it crawled to the bulwarks coughing and grunting away, and after a few attempts actually flew up into the air. He said it flew unlike any creature he had ever seen, much higher than most birds fly, and very swiftly. The last they saw of it was a little thing like a crow hovering over the forts at Shoe'ness."

"Well, I'm damned," said Guy. "I never heard a better piece of yarning in my life. Do you actually mean to tell me that Fleming dares to print all that gaudy nonsense in the paper. He must certainly have been very drunk."

"Well, there it is, old man. I had to do what I was told, and I made a good piece of copy out of it. I am not responsible if Fleming does get his head laughed off, I don't edit his rag. Pass the beer."

"Is the ship here?"

"Yes it was docked about six this morning, and so far all the published news is what you had to-day in the *Evening Post*. It seems that something strange certainly did happen, though of course it wasn't that. They are going to hold an inquest, Fleming says. Something horribly beastly has happened to Glazebrook there's no doubt of that. Something has scooped the poor beggar out. Well, I must be going, it's nearly three, and more than a little towards dawning. Tell Bee I'm off, will you?"

Beatrice came back in a minute like a fresh rose, and before he went she drew him on to the balcony outside the window. There was a wonderful view from the balcony. Looking over the great lawns far down below, they could just see the dim purple dome of St. Paul's which seemed to be floating in

mist, its upper part stark and black against the sky. To the right was the silent river with innumerable patches of yellow light from the rows of gas lamps on Blackfriars bridge. A sweet scent from the boxes of mignonette floated on the dusky, heavy air. He put his arm round her and kissed her sweet, tremulous lips. "My love, my love," she whispered, "oh, I love you so!"

Her slender body clung to him. She was very sweet. The tall, strong young man leant over her and kissed her masses of dark, fragrant hair.

"My little girl, my little girl," he murmured with a wonderful tenderness in his voice, "there is nothing in the world but you, sweet little girl, dear, dear little girl, little wife."

She looked up at him at the word and there was a great light in her eyes, a thing inexpressibly beautiful for a man to see.

"Love, good-night," he whispered, and he kissed the tiny pink ear that heard him.

After the fantastic story he had been telling them, a story which, wild and grotesque as it was, had yet sufficient *verisemblance* to make them feel uncomfortable, the majesty of the night gave the dim buildings of the town a restful and soothing effect, and as they stood on the balcony with their love surging over them, they forgot everything but that one glorious and radiant fact.

Beatrice went with him to the head of the staircase—They lived very high up in the buildings called "Temple Gardens"—and watched him as he descended. It was curious to look down the great well of the stone steps and to feel the hot air which rose up from the gas lamps beating on her face. She could only see Tom on each landing when he turned to look up at her—a



"THEY LOOKED IN AND SAW THE GREAT BEAST ALIVE"

tiny pink face perched on a little black fore-shortened body.

When he got right down to the bottom he shouted up a "good night," his voice sounding strange and unnatural as the walls threw it back to each other. In after years she always remembered the haunting sound of his voice as it came to her for the last time in this world.

Between seven and eight o'clock the next morning Guy, who was on the staff of the *Evening Post*, one of the leading lunch-time papers, left the Temple for the offices in the Strand.

It was a beautiful day, and early as it was the streets were full of people going to their work. Even now the streets were full of colour and sunshine, and every little city clerk contributed to the gayness of the scene by wearing round his straw hat the bright ribbon of some club to which he did not belong.

Guy had been working for about an hour when Gobion, his assistant—the young man who afterwards made such a success with his book “Penny Inventions,”—came in with a bunch of “flimsies,” reports of events sent in by penny-a-liners who scoured London on bicycles, hoping for crime.

“There doesn’t seem anything much,” he said, “except one thing which is probably a fake. It was brought in by that man, Roberts, and he tried to borrow half a James from the commissionaire on the strength of it, which certainly looks like a fake. If it is true, though, it’s good stuff. I’ve sent a reporter down to inquire.”

“What is it?” said Descaves, yawning.

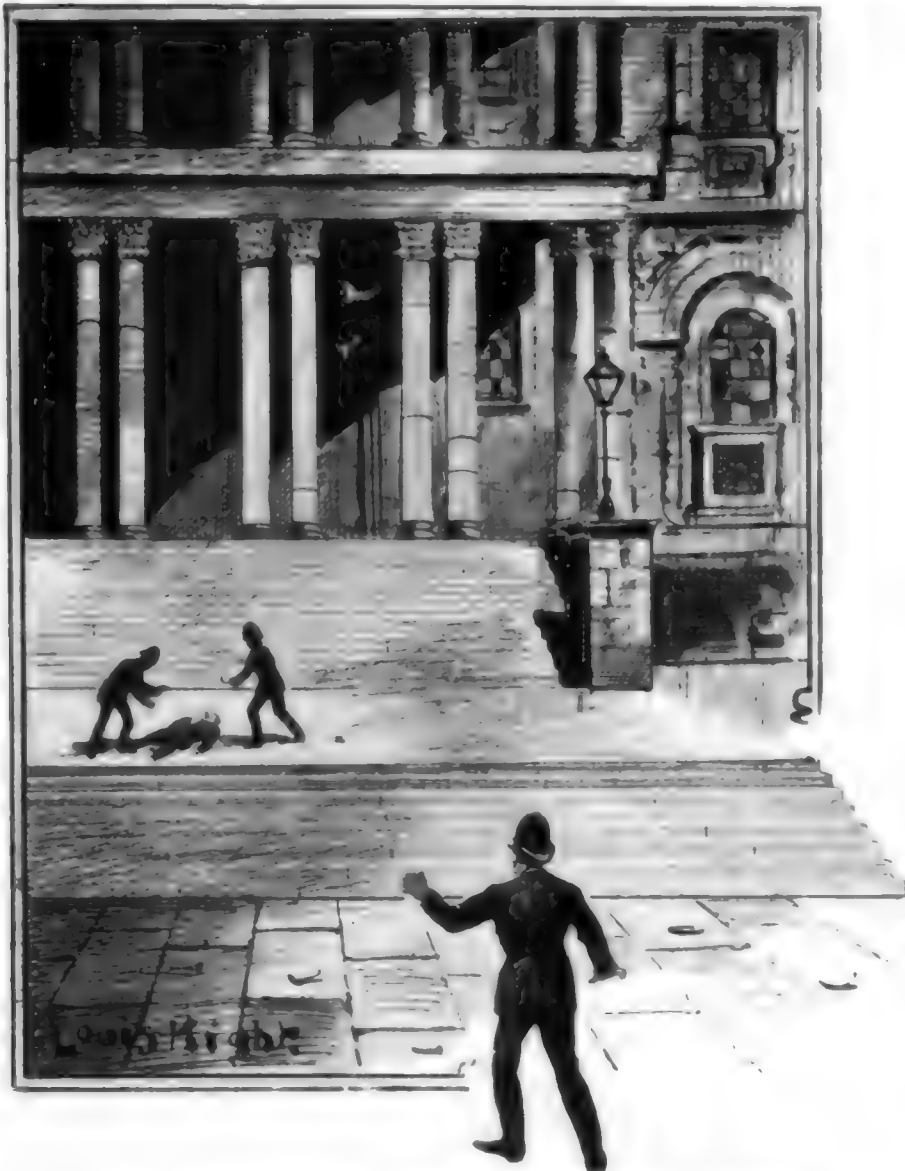
“Reported murder of a journalist. The flimsy says he was found at four o’clock in the morning by a policeman, on the steps of St. Paul’s absolutely broken up and mangled. Ah, here it is. ‘The body, which presented a most extraordinary and unaccountable appearance, was at once removed to St. Bride’s mortuary.’ Further details later, Roberts says.”

“It sounds all right; at any rate the reporter will be back soon, and we shall know. How did Roberts spot him as a journalist?”

“Don’t know, suppose he hadn’t shaved.”

While the youth was speaking, the reporter entered breathless.

“Column special,” he gasped.



“THE BODY WAS AT ONCE REMOVED TO ST. BRIDE’S MORTUARY”

"Trant, a man on the *Mercury*, has been murdered, cut all to pieces. Good God! I forgot, Descaves. Oh, I am fearfully sorry!"

Guy rose quickly from his seat with a very white face, but without any sound. As he did so by some strange coincidence the tape machine on the little pedestal behind him began to print the first words of a despatch from the Exchange Telegraph Company. The message dealt with the tragedy that had taken immediate power of speech away from him. The familiar whirr of the type wheel made him turn from mere force of habit, and stunned as his brain was, he saw the dreadful words spelling themselves on the paper with no realisation of their meaning. He stood swaying backwards and forwards, not knowing what he did, his eyes still resting on the broad sheet of white paper on which the little wheel sped ceaselessly, recording the dreadful thing in neat blue letters.

Then suddenly his eyes flashed the meaning of the gathering words to his brain, and he leant over the glass with a sick eagerness. Gobion and the reporter stood together anxiously watching him. At length the wheel slid along the bar and came to rest with a sharp click. Guy stood up again.

"Do my work to-day," he said quietly. "I must go to my sister," and taking his hat he left the room.

When he got out into the brilliant sunshine which flooded the Strand, his senses came back to him and he determined that obviously the first thing to be done was to make sure that the body at St. Bride's was really the body of his friend.

Even in moments of deep horror and sorrow the mind of a strong, self-contained man does not entirely lose its power of concentration. The Telegraphic news had left very little doubt in his mind that the fact was true, but at the same time he could not conceive how such a ghastly thing could possibly have happened. According to the information he had, it seemed the poor fellow had been struck dead only a few minutes after he had left the Temple the night before, and within a few yards of his chambers. "On the steps of St. Paul's" the wire ran, and

Trant's rooms were not sixty yards away, in a little old-fashioned court behind the Deanery.

It was incredible. Owing to the great shops and warehouses all round, the neighbourhood was patrolled by a large number of policemen and watchmen. The space at the top of Ludgate Hill was, he knew, brilliantly lighted by the street lamps, and besides, about four it was almost daylight. It seemed impossible that Tom could have been done to death like this. "It's a canard," he said to himself, "damned silly nonsense," but even as he tried to trick himself into disbelief, his sub-conscious brain told him unerringly that the horrid thing was true.

Five minutes later he walked out of the dead house knowing the worst. The horror of the thing he had just seen, the awful inexpressible horror of it, killed every other sensation. He had recognised his friend's right hand, for on the hand was a curious old ring of beaten gold which Beatrice used to wear.

SECOND EPISODE.

Mr. Frank Fleming, the editor of the *Daily Mercury*, was usually an early riser. He never stopped at the office of the paper very late unless some important news was expected, or unless he had heard something in the House that he wished to write about himself. Now and then, however, when there was an all-night sitting, he would steal away from his bench below the gangway and pay a surprise visit before Trant and his colleagues had put the paper to bed. On these occasions, when he was kept away from his couch longer than was his wont, he always slept late into the morning. It was about twelve o'clock on the day of Trant's death that he rose up in bed and pressed the bell for his servant. The man brought his shaving water and the morning's copy of the *Mercury*, and retired. Fleming opened his paper and the black headline and leaded type of the article on Professor Glazebrook's death at once caught his eye. He read it with complacent satisfaction. Trant had done the thing very cleverly and the article was certainly most striking. Fleming, a shrewd man of the world and Parliamentary adventurer, had not for a moment dreamt

of believing young Egerton Cotton, but he nevertheless knew his business. It had got about that there was something mysterious in the events that had occurred on board the "Henry Sandys," and it had also got about that the one man who could throw any authentic light on these events was Cotton. It was therefore the obvious policy to buy Cotton's information, and, while disclaiming any responsibility for his statements, to steal a march on his contemporaries by being the first to publish them. As he walked into the pretty little dining-room of his flat, Mr. Fleming was in an excellent temper.

He was dividing his attention between the kidneys and the *Times*, when his man came into the room and told him that Mr. Morgan, the news editor, must see him immediately.

He could hear Morgan in the *entresol*, and he called out cheerily, "Come in, Morgan; come in, you're just in time for some breakfast."

The news editor entered in a very agitated state. When Fleming heard the undoubted fact of Trant's death he was genuinely moved, and Morgan, who had a very low opinion of his chief's human impulses, was surprised and pleased. It seemed that Morgan had neither seen the body nor been to the scene of the crime, but had simply got his news from some men in the bar of the "Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet Street, who were discussing the event. Trant had been a very popular man among his brethren, and many men were mourning for him as they went about their work.

"What you must do," said Fleming to his assistant, "is this. Go down to the mortuary on my behalf, explain who Trant was, and gain every morsel of information you can. Go to the place where the body was found as well. Poor Tom Trant! He was a nice boy—a nice boy; he had a career before him. I shall walk down to the office. This has shaken me very much, and I think a walk will buck me up a little. If you get a fast cab and tell the man to go Hell for Leather, you will be back in Fleet Street by the time I arrive. I shall not walk fast." He heaved a perfectly sincere sigh as he put on his gloves. As he left the mansions and walked past the

Aquarium he remembered that a cigar was a soothing thing; and, lighting one, he enjoyed it to the full. The sunshine was so radiant that it was indeed difficult to withstand its influence. Palace Yard was a great sight, and all the gilding on the clock tower shone merrily. The pigeons, with their strange iridescent eyes, were sunning themselves on the hot stones. The editor forgot all about Trant for some minutes in the pure physical exhilaration of it all. As he advanced up Parliament Street he saw Lord Salisbury, who was wearing an overcoat, despite the heat.

Fleming turned up Whitehall Court and past the National Liberal Club to the Strand, which was very full of people. Fleming had always been a great patron of the stage. He knew, and was known to, many actors and actresses, and you would always see his name after a ten-guinea subscription on a benefit list. He liked the Strand, and he walked very slowly down the north side, nodding or speaking to some theatrical acquaintance every moment.

When he came to the bar where all the actors go, which is nearly opposite the Tivoli Music Hall, he saw Rustle Tapper, the famous comedian, standing on the steps wearing a new white hat and surveying the bright and animated scene with intense enjoyment.

The two men were friends, and for a minute or two Fleming mounted the steps and stood by the other's side. It was now about half-past one.

"Well," said the actor, "and how are politics, very busy just now? What is this I see in the *Pall Mall* about the murder of one of your young men? It's not true, I hope."

"I am afraid it is only too true. He was the cleverest young fellow I have ever had on the paper. I got him straight from Baliol, and he would have been a very distinguished man. I don't know anything about it yet but just the bare facts; our news editor has gone down to find out all he can."

They moved through the swing doors into the bar, talking as they went.

The Strand was full of all its regular frequenters, and in the peculiar fashion of this street every one seemed to know every one else intimately. Little groups

of more or less well-known actors and journalists stood about the pavement or went noisily in and out of the bars, much impeding the progress of the ordinary passer-by. There was no sign or trace of anything out of the common to be seen. It was just the Strand on a bright summer's day, and the flower-girls

shouting together, but whether in alarm or whether at the passing of some great person was not immediately apparent.

It was obvious that something of importance was happening not very far away. After about a minute the shouting became very loud indeed, and a shrill note of alarm was plainly discernible.



"IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE WAS HAPPENING"

were selling all their roses very fast to the pretty burlesque actresses and chorus girls who were going to and fro from the agents' offices.

About two o'clock—the evening papers said half-past two, but their information was faulty—the people in Bedford Street and the Strand heard a great noise of shouting, which, as far as they could judge, came from the direction of the Haymarket or Trafalgar Square. The noise sounded as if a crowd of people were

In a few seconds the pavements were crowded with men, who came running out from the bars and restaurants to see what was happening. Many of them came out without their hats. Fleming and the actor hurried out with the rest, straining and pushing to get a clear view westwards. One tall, clean-shaven man, with a black patch on his eye, his face bearing obvious traces of grease paint, came out of the Bun Shop with his glass of brandy and water still in his hand.

It was a curious sight. Everyone was looking towards Trafalgar Square with mingled interest and uncertainty, and for the time all the business of the street was entirely suspended. The drivers of the omnibuses evidently thought that the shouting came from fire-engines which were trying to force their way eastwards through the traffic, for they drew up by the curbstone, momentarily expecting that the glistening helmets would swing round the corner of King William Street.

Fleming, from the raised platform at the door of Gatti's, could see right down past Charing Cross station, and as he was nearly six feet high, he could look well over the heads of the podgy little comedians who surrounded him. Suddenly the noise grew in volume and rose several notes higher, and a black mass of people appeared running towards them.

The next incident happened so rapidly that before any one had time for realisation it was over. A huge black shadow sped along the dusty road, and, looking up, the terror-stricken crowd saw the incredible sight of a vast winged creature, as large as a dray-horse, gliding slowly over the street. The monster, which Fleming describes as something like an enormous bat with a curved bill like a bird of prey, began to hover, as if preparing to descend, when there was the sudden report of a gun. An assistant at the hosier's shop at the corner of Southampton Street, who belonged to the Volunteers, happened to be going to do some range firing in the afternoon, and fetching his rifle from behind the counter, took a pot shot at the thing. His aim, from surprise and fear, was bad, and the bullet only chipped a piece of stone from the coping of the Tivoli. The shot, however, made the creature change its intentions, for it swerved suddenly to the right against some telegraph wires, and then, breaking through them, flew with extraordinary swiftness away over the river, making, it appeared, for the Crystal Palace upon Sydenham Hill. A constable on Hungerford foot-bridge, who saw it as it went over the water, said that its hairless belly was all cut and bleeding from the impact of the wires. The excitement in the Strand became frantic. The windows of all the shops round the

Tivoli were broken by the pressure of the crowd, who had instinctively got as near as possible to the houses. The cab and omnibus horses, scenting the thing, were in that state of extreme terror which generally only an elephant has power to induce in them. The whole street was in terrible confusion. The only person who seemed calm, so a report ran in a smart evening paper, was a tall man who was standing at the door of a bar wearing a patch over one eye, and who had a glass of brandy in his hand. A reporter who had been near him, said that as soon as the monster had disappeared over the house-tops, he quietly finished his glass of brandy, and straightway went inside to have it replenished.

Special editions of the evening papers were at once issued. The *Globe*, owing to the nearness of its offices, being first in the field.

The sensational story of the *Mercury*, which had been the signal for increasing laughter all the morning, came at once into men's minds, and, incredible as it was, there could now be no doubt of the truth.

A creature which, in those dim ages when the world was young and humanity itself was slowly being evolved in obedience to an inevitable law, had winged its way over the mighty swamps and forests of the primeval world, was alive and preying among them. To those who thought, there was something sinister in such an incalculable age. The order of nature was disturbed.

The death of young Trant was immediately explained, and at dinner time the wildest rumours were going about the clubs, while in the theatres and music-halls people were saying that a whole foul brood of dragons had been let loose upon the town.

The sensation was unique. Never before in all the history of the world had such a thing been heard of, and all night long the telegraphs sent conflicting rumours to the great centres of the earth. London was beside itself with excitement, and few people going about in the streets that night felt over secure, though everyone felt that the slaughter of the beast was only a matter of hours. The very uneasiness that such a weird and unnatural appearance excited in the

brains of the populace had its humorous side, and when that evening Mr. Dan Leno chose to appear upon the stage as a comic St. George, the laughter was Homeric. Such was the state of the public opinion about the affair on the evening of the first day, but there was a good deal of anxiety felt at Scotland Yard, and Sir Edward Bradford was for some time at work organising and directing precautionary measures. A company of sharpshooters was sent down to the Embankment from the Regent's Park Barrack, and waited in readiness for any news. Mounted police armed with carbines were patrolling the whole country round Sydenham, and even as far as Mitcham Common were on the alert. Two or three of them rode constantly up and down the Golf Links.

A warning wire was despatched to Mr. Henry Gillman, the general manager of the Crystal Palace, for at this season of the year the grounds were always full of pleasure-seekers. About nine o'clock the chief inspector on duty at the police headquarters received the following telegram.

"Animal appeared here 8.30, and unfortunately killed child. Despite volley got away apparently unharmed. Heading for London when last seen. Have closed Palace and cleared grounds."

It appears what actually happened was as follows :—

A Dr. David Pryce, a retired professor from one of the Scotch Universities, who lived in a house on Gipsy Hill, was taking a stroll down the central transept after dinner, when he was startled to hear the noise of breaking glass high up in the roof. Some large pieces of glass fell within a few yards of him into one of the ornamental fountains. Running to one side, he looked up, and saw that some heavy body had fallen on to the roof and coming through the glass was so balanced upon an iron girder. Even as he looked, the object broke away and fell with a frightful splash into the basin among the gold-fish. Simultaneously he heard the crack of rifles firing in the grounds outside.

He was the first of the people round to run to the fountain, where he found, to his unspeakable horror, the bleeding

body of a child, a sweet little girl of six, still almost breathing.

The news of this second victim was in the streets about ten o'clock, and it was then that a real panic took possession of all the pleasure-seekers in Piccadilly and the Strand.

The special descriptive writers from the great daily papers, who went about the principal centres of amusement, witnessed the most extraordinary sights. Now and again there would be a false alarm that the dragon—for that is what people were beginning to call it—was in the neighbourhood, and there would be a stampede of men and women into the nearest place of shelter. The proprietor of one of the big Strand bars, afterwards boasted that the panic had been worth an extra fifty pounds to him.

The Commissioner of Police became so seriously alarmed, both at the disorderly state of the streets, and the possible chance of another fatality, that he thought it wiser to obtain military assistance, and about half-past eleven London was practically under arms. Two or three linesmen were stationed at central points in the main streets, and little groups of cavalry with unslung carbines patrolled from place to place.

Although the strictest watch was kept all night, nothing was seen of the monster, but in the morning a constable of the C Division, detailed for special duty, found traces at the top of Ludgate Hill which proved conclusively that the animal had been there sometime during the night.

THE THIRD EPISODE

The wide-spread news that the terror had been in the very heart of London during the night created tremendous excitement among the authorities and the public at large. The City Police held a hurried consultation in Old Jewry about nine o'clock in the morning, and after hearing Sergeant Weatherley's account of his discovery, came to the conclusion that the dragon had probably made its lair on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A man was at once sent round to the Deanery for a pass which should allow a force of police to search the roofs, and came back in half an hour with an order written by Dean Gregory himself.

requesting the officials to give the police every facility for a thorough examination.

It was then that the fatal mistake was made which added a fourth victim to the death roll.

About 9.30 a telegram was received at New Scotland Yard from a professional golfer at Mitcham, saying that some caddies on their way to the club-house had sighted the monster hovering over the Croydon road early in the morning. A wire was at once despatched to the local police station on the lower green, directing that strict inquiries should be made, and the result telegraphed at once. Meanwhile Scotland Yard communicated with Old Jewry, and the City Police made the incredible blunder of putting off the search party till the Mitcham report was thoroughly investigated.

It was not allowed to be known that the police had any suspicion that St. Paul's might harbour the dragon, and the fact of Sergeant Weatherley's discovery did not transpire till the second edition of the *Star* appeared, just about the time the final scene was being enacted on the south roof.

Accordingly the omnibuses followed the usual Cannon Street route, and the City men from the suburbs crowded them as usual. In the brilliant morning sunshine—for it was a perfect summer's day—it was extremely difficult to believe that anything untoward was afoot.

The panic of the night before, the panic of the gas lamps and the uncertain mystery of night, had very largely subsided. Many a city man who the night before had come out of the Alhambra or the Empire seized with a genuine terror, now sat on the top of his City 'bus smoking the after-breakfast cigarette and almost joking about the whole extraordinary affair. The fresh, new air was so delightful that it had its effect on everybody, and the police and soldiers who stood at ease round the statue of Queen Anne were saluted with a constant fire of chaff from the waggish young gentlemen of the Stock Exchange as they were carried to their daily work.

"What price the Dragon!" and "Have you got a muzzle handy!" resounded in the precincts of the Cathed-

ral, and the merry witticisms afforded intense enjoyment to the crowds of ragamuffins who lounged round the top of Ludgate Hill.

Then, quite suddenly, came the last act of the terrible drama.

Just as a white Putney 'bus was slowly coming up the steep gradient of the hill, the horses straining and slipping on the road, a black object rose from behind the clock tower on the façade of the Cathedral, and with a long, easy dive the creature that was terrorising London came down upon the vehicle. It seemed to slide rapidly down the air with its wings poised and open, and it came straight at the omnibus. The driver, with great presence of mind and not a moment too soon, pulled his horses suddenly to the right, and the giant enemy rushed past with a great disturbance of the air hardly a yard away from the conveyance.

It sailed nearly down to the railway bridge before it was able to check its flight and turn.

Then, with a slow flapping of its great leathery wings, it came back to where the omnibus was oscillating violently as the horses reared and plunged.

It was the most horrible sight in the world. Seen at close quarters the monstrous creature was indescribably loathsome, and the stench from its body was overpowering. Its great horny beak was covered with brown stains, and in its eagerness and anger it was foaming and slobbering at the mouth. Its eyes, which were half-covered with a white scurf, had something of that malignant and horrible expression that one sometimes sees in the eyes of an evil-minded old man.

In a moment the thing was right over the omnibus, and the people on the top were hidden from view by the beating of its mighty wings. Three soldiers on the pavement in front of the Cathedral knelt down, and taking deliberate aim, fired almost simultaneously. A moment after the shots rang out, the horses, who had been squealing in an ecstasy of terror, overturned the vehicle. The dragon, which had been hit in the leather-like integument stretched between the rib-bones of its left wing, rose heavily and slowly, taking a little spring from

the side of the omnibus, and giving utterance to a rapid choking sound, very like the gobbling of a turkey. Its wings beat the air with tremendous power, and with the regular sound of a pumping engine, and in its bill it held some bright red object, which was screaming in uncontrollable agony. In two seconds the creature had mounted above the houses, and all down Ludgate

Hill the horror-bitten crowd could see that its writhing, screaming burden was a soldier of the line.

The man, by some curious instinct, had kept tight hold of his little swagger-stick, and his whirling arms bore a grotesque resemblance to the conductor of an orchestra directing its movements with his bâton. Some more shots pealed out, and the screaming stopped with the



W. H. Wright.

"IN ITS BILL IT HELD SOME BRIGHT RED OBJECT."

suddenness of a steam whistle turned off, while the swagger-stick fell down into the street.

Over the road, from house to house, was stretched a row of flags with a Union Jack in the centre, which had been put up earlier in the morning by an alderman who owned one of the shops, in order to signalise some important civic function. In mounting, the monster was caught by the line which supported the flags, and then with a tremendous effort it pulled the whole arrangement loose. Then, very slowly, and with the long row of gaudy flags streaming behind it, it rose high into the air and sank down behind the dome of St. Paul's. As it soared, regardless of the fusillade from below, it looked exactly like a fantastic Japanese kite. The whole affair, from the time of the first swoop from St. Paul's until the monster sank again to its refuge, only took two or three seconds over the minute.

The news of this fresh and terrible disaster reached the waiting party in Old Jewry almost immediately, and they started for the Cathedral without a moment's delay. They found Ludgate Hill was almost empty, as the police under the railway bridge were deflecting the traffic into other routes. On each side of the street hundreds of white faces peered from doorways and windows towards St. Paul's. The overturned omnibus still lay in the middle of the road, but the horses had been taken away.

The party marched in through the west door, and the ineffable peace of the great church fell round them like a cloak and made their business seem fantastic and unreal. Mr. Harding, the permanent clerk of the works, met them in the nave, and held a consultation with Lieutenant Boyle and Inspector Nicholson, who commanded the men. The clerk of the works produced a rough map of the various roofs, on any one of which the dragon might be. He suggested, and the lieutenant quite agreed, that two or three men should first be sent to try and locate the exact resting-place of the monster, and that afterwards the best shots should surround and attack it. The presence of a large number of men wandering about the extremely complicated system of approaches might well

disturb the creature and send it abroad again. He himself, he added, would accompany the scouts.

Three men were chosen for the job, a sergeant of police and two soldiers. Mr. Harding took them into his office, and they removed their boots for greater convenience in climbing. They were conducted first of all into the low gallery hung with old frescoes which leads to the library, and then, opening a small door in the wall, Mr. Harding, beckoning the others to follow, disappeared into darkness.

They ascended some narrow winding steps deep in the thickness of the masonry, until a gleam of light showed stealing down from above, making their faces pale and haggard. Their leader stopped, and there was a jingling of keys. "It is unlikely it'll be here," he said in a low voice, "and anyway it can't get at us quickly, but be careful. Sergeant, you bring one man and come with me, and the last man stay behind and hold the door open in case we have to retreat." He turned the key in the lock and opened the narrow door.

For a moment the brilliant light of the sun blinded them, and then the two men who were yet a few steps down in the dark heard the other say, "Come on, it's all safe."

They came out into a large square court floored with lead. Great stone walls rose all around them, and the only outlet was the door by which they had come. It was exactly like a prison exercise yard, and towering away above their heads in front was the huge central dome. The dismal place was quite empty.

"The swine isn't here, that's certain," said one of the soldiers.

"No, we must go round to the south side," said the clerk of the works; "it's very much like this, only larger. But there's a better way to get to it. Let us go back at once."

They went down again to the library corridor, and turning by the archway debouching on the whispering gallery—they could hear the strains of the organ as they passed—went up another dark and narrow stairway. They came out onto a small ledge of stone, a kind of gutter, and there was very little room between the walls at their backs and

the steep lead-covered side of the main roof which towered into the air straight in front.

"Now," said Mr. Harding, "we have got to climb up this slant and down the other side, and if he's anywhere about we shall see him there. At the bottom of the other slope is a gutter, like this, to stand in, but no wall, as it looks straight down into a big bear pit, like the one we went to first. We shall have to go right down the other slant, because if he's lying on the near side of the pit—and it's the shady side—we shan't be able to see him at all. You'll find it easy enough to get up, and if you should slip back this wall will bring you up short, but be very careful about going down. If you once begin to slide you'll toboggan right over the edge and on to the top of the beast, and even if he isn't there, it's a sixty foot drop."

As they climbed slowly up the steep roof, all London came into clear and lovely view—white, red, and purple in the sun. When at length they reached the top and clung there, for a moment, high in the air, like sparrows perching on the ridge of a house, they could only just see the mouth of the drop yawning down below them.

One of the soldiers, a lithe and athletic young fellow, was down at the bottom considerably before the others, and crouching in the broad gutter, he peered cautiously over the edge. They saw his shoulders heave with excitement, and in a moment he turned his head towards them. His face was white and his eyes

full of loathing. They joined him at once, and the horror of what they saw will never leave any of the four.

The Dragon was lying on its side against the wall. Its whole vast length was heaving as if in pain, while close by it lay the remains of what was once a soldier of the Queen.

It was soon killed. The marksmen were hurriedly brought up from below, and after a perilous climb, owing to the weight of their rifles, lined the edge of the pit. They fired repeated volleys into the vast groaning creature. After the first volley it began to cough and choke, and vainly trying to open its maimed wings, dragged itself into the centre of the place. The mere sight of the malign thing gave a shock to the experience that was indescribable. It fulfilled no place in the order of life, and this fact induced a cold fear far more than its actual appearance. A psychologist who talked to one of the soldiers afterwards, got near to some fundamental truths dealing with the natural limits of sensation, in a brilliant article published in *Cosmopolis*. In its death agonies, agonies which were awful to look at, it crawled right across the floor of the court, and it moved the line of flags, which still remained fixed to one paw, in such a way that when they got down to it they found that, by a strange and pathetic coincidence, the Union Jack was covering the body of the dead soldier.

In this way the oldest living thing in the world was destroyed, and London breathed freely again.





ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

V.—THE PAINTED HELL.

CARNIVAL FROLIC.

ALTHOUGH the Riviera season opened so badly, ruined by outbreaks of typhoid and rumours of war, yet during Carnival the Nice hotels have been, as usual, full to overflowing. Half the fashionable world of Europe seems sunning itself below my windows as I write on this warm March afternoon. The waveless sea is of that intense sapphire hue which one only sees in pictures in England. The roses are in full bloom, and the town of Nice is sweet with the all-pervading odour of violets. Carnival, which fell early this year, is over, and the tourist crowd, not forgetting the thousands of gaping Cookites who came by rail, and the hundreds who came from New York on Mediterranean pleasure cruises, has at last swept by. Society alone is left to enjoy the last few remaining weeks of the season.

Unlike most *habités* of the Riviera, I never miss a Carnival. Many go over to respectable Cannes or to invalid Mentone, while Nice runs riot; but personally I like being a spectator of the merriment during the reign of the King of Folly. Carnival was not, however, so good as in past years. The badness of the season prevented the Fêtes Committee spending so much upon the colossal cars and masquerades as formerly; hence the affair was denounced on all hands as a tawdry show. This is a thousand pities. The gaiety of Nice has, during the past twenty years, culminated in Carnival, and if the latter degenerates, then the ruin of the Riviera is fast approaching. Of course, the fighting with confetti was just as fierce as ever, and the balls were just as merry and reckless as in past years. Indeed, the ball at the Casino, at which only the colours of the Carnival are worn—

this year mauve and old gold—was even more largely attended than on previous occasions. There was the usual boisterous fun and intriguing beneath the masks, the usual mad dancing and popping of champagne corks, until the grey of dawn appeared behind Cape Ferrat, and the usual merriment as we all wended our way homewards. But King Carnival—a photograph of whom is here given—is now burned, the tri-coloured decorations are packed away for another year, and all that remains are the paper confetti one finds in the corners of one's pockets, and the *pierrot's* dress in satin, which calls forth memories of some amusing evenings.

The Battles of Flowers have been far more successful than Carnival itself. Nowhere in all the world is there a sight more picturesque than the procession of decorated carriages along the beautiful Promenade des Anglais—the finest

promenade in Europe—and certainly this year was no exception. The carriages exhibited even greater taste in ornamentation than last year, and even though the prize banners fell to one or more of their usual recipients, the two battles were altogether most successful. The winner of the first prize was Mdlle. Juniori, a variety artiste who often sings at the Empire Theatre in London, and who has taken prizes at this function for five years past. She has a villa in Nice, called the Villa Juniori, and her turn-outs are perhaps the smartest in Nice, her black four-in-hand, which she drives herself, being much admired by all promenaders. Her rival in beauty is "La Belle Otero," the Spanish dancer, who also won a prize at the Battles of Flowers this year, and who is also known on the London and Paris music-hall stages. Many of the carriages were most tasteful, but an incident occurred at the second battle which was scarcely cal-



NICE.—SA MAJESTÉ CARNAVAL XXVII.

culated to inspire good feeling between the French and their English visitors. At the rear of a carriage was displayed a Union Jack, and as it passed it was loudly hissed by the crowd of French in the tribunes. On the previous evening I was at the *Jetée Promenade*, a pavilion similar to our English pier, and at the music-hall performance given there were some imitations of well-known women, among them Queen Victoria. When the French

Niçois—that journal which even level-headed Frenchmen denounce as a *torchon*—have ruined Nice; and next season will, I feel confident, show this very plainly.

AT MONTE
CARLO.

It is only Monte Carlo, and the remote chance of winning fortunes there, that now attracts the majority of people to the Riviera—those possessing villas, of course excepted. There is an attraction about Monte Carlo that cannot be



NICE.—CORSO CARNAVALESQUE

artiste representing the Queen appeared on the stage there were loud hisses and groans, while one hatchet-faced Frenchman rose and shouted "Down with the English!" And this in a town which owes its whole being to English and American patronage! The *Niçois* have this season received a foretaste of what is to come. The rapacity of hotel-keepers, and the negligence of the authorities, combined with the insults hurled at England by the *Petit*

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resisted. I have known the Casino for fifteen years, and have lost and won modest stakes there a good many times, yet I confess that to-day the roulette exercises much the same fascination over me as it ever did, although I trust that I am now able to resist the temptation when I choose. At no place in all the world can human nature be studied so well as at those crowded, heated rooms, where the jingle of coin, the rustle of notes, the click of the tiny ivory ball as

it drops into the little space on the red and black wheel, unites with the strident, untiring voices of the croupiers crying: "*M'sieurs faites vos jeux?*" or "*Rien ne va plus!*" One wanders through those great salons, this year enlarged, improved and redecorated with unequalled magnificence, and watches the fevered perspiring crowds four or six deep around the tables, attracted there as moths are attracted by candles, all tempting the fickle goddess. Many are the curious scenes I have witnessed there, and many the strange turns of fortune. My enemies would, I suppose, term me a gambler, because of the fact that I possess a white season-ticket issued by the Administration; nevertheless I must deny that insinuation, and add that I always find in the Casino vivid studies of human nature which I cannot obtain elsewhere. Little dramas are always passing before my eyes. As an example, a few nights ago I was in the Rooms with some English friends, after dining at the *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel des Palmiers—which, by the way, I can recommend to visitors to Monte Carlo as the cheapest, quietest and best in the Principality—and next me at one of the roulette tables stood a neatly-dressed young Frenchwoman, possibly the wife of a small tradesman. She had won once or twice, and, becoming excited, as all do who are new to the game, she began to plunge. She lost, and lost, and still lost. It was on the number 32 that she always staked, each time a couple or three louis. At last she placed on a single louis, and murmured aloud in French, "That's the last I have in all the world!" The wheel was spun, the croupier cried, "*Rien ne va plus!*" and the ball fell. She lost. Then she turned away from the table, her face blanched, and staggered out absolutely penniless. Again the wheel was spun, again it fell, and, with that strange turn which fortune sometimes takes, it fell upon 32, the number upon which the unfortunate woman had all the evening been going to her ruin.

WOMEN AS painted hell within a
GAMBLERS. natural paradise.

Many times have I condemned it in print. One may

wander through it, play a little, dine well, enjoy the music, sip a *maragran* on the terrace of the Café de Paris, or, if a winner, sup at Ciro's—that remarkable restaurant where everything is the best that money can procure—yet one invariably goes away disgusted. I myself have seen dozens of men ruin themselves, and women too. Indeed, the gambling fever seizes the fair sex more acutely than men, for, like drink, so with gambling, a woman who once acquires the habit can never be broken of it. A man, if he has a few bad days and loses, will judiciously make a vow to leave the tables alone, and go in for the more legitimate joys of smoking, coffee-drinking and music; but with women it is all different. If they lose, they will only double their stakes, to lose again. The Bank at Monte Carlo profits more upon its dealings with women than with men, but perhaps most of all upon the various so-called "systems" which are so popular on the Riviera, and can be bought in little books with full instructions. The last of these so-called "systems," and one which is very popular this season, is a little red book entitled, "Ten Days at Monte Carlo at the Bank's Expense." On first reading the book, I thought that at last the writer had hit upon a sound "system," but as an *habitué* of Monte Carlo I am wary before expending money, and therefore took counsel with an English friend, himself a constant player. We purchased the records of the winning numbers of one of the tables for a whole year, and carefully went through it, comparing it with this newly-discovered "system." On the first three days we found that we really would have won, but on the fourth day we found that our loss would only have amounted to about £600, and again on the fifth! So we resolved to place that new "system" on the shelf, with the effusions of all other calculators.

THE TRUTH IS THAT
"SYSTEMS" there is no "system"
AT that will ensure win-
ROULETTE. ning at Monte Carlo.

The player who has a thousand francs to stake has just as much chance if he approaches the table

and tosses the bank note upon red or upon black, with a chance of receiving another thousand francs in addition, as he has in changing it into five-franc pieces, and playing upon the *chevals*, the *transversals*, the columns, the dozens, or the numbers. All chances are equal. The Bank takes its percentage of the gambler's stake and flourishes gaily upon it. I have nothing whatever to say in condemnation of the actual management of Monte Carlo, for play there is as fair to the player as

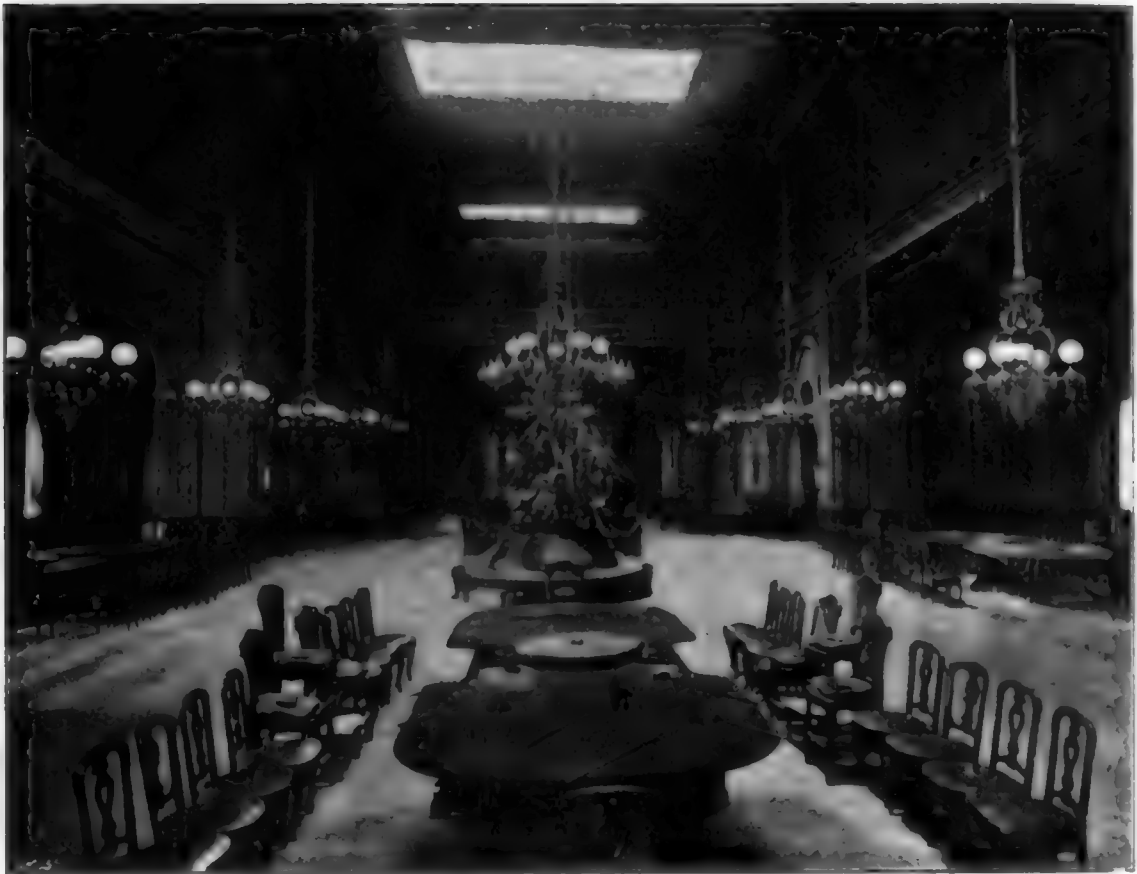
have won. Therefore, whatever may be said regarding the morals of gambling, not a word can be said against the Administration, or its officials. When one reflects that in those rooms are gathered the worst set of thieves and blacklegs in Europe, and that the two worlds, the *haut-monde* and the *demi-monde*, rub shoulders, it is really surprising how well the place is conducted. Never once, during all the years I have known Monte Carlo, have I ever heard of any one's pocket being



MONTE CARLO.—CASINO AND GARDENS

it is possible for play to be—fairer by far than the Stock Exchange. No one has even attempted to prove that there is any trickery at roulette or *trente-et-quarante*. Indeed, where any dispute arises—and serious quarrels very often do arise—the Bank makes it a rule to pay *both* disputing parties. I have been paid myself in this way, and have watched numbers of disputes in which the Bank has lost thousands of francs by paying both persons claiming to

picked there, or of any theft from the person in the rooms, a fact which speaks volumes for the manner in which all players are under the surveillance of the attendants. Briefly, the life at Monte Carlo is of intense interest from first to last; from the habits of the tweed-coated tourist, who is refused admittance because his trousers are turned up, to the millionaire in straw hat, who flings away thousand-franc notes as other people do five-franc pieces. I



MONTE CARLO.—SALLE DE JEU

have myself witnessed men winsufficient to keep them in affluence for the remainder of their lives while I have stood by watching, and I have likewise seen others lose a fortune, reducing themselves from affluence to direst poverty within half-an-hour. It is avarice, always avarice, that ruins people at Monte Carlo. Those content to win a pound or so each day they play may possibly leave off winners at the end of the season. But those who play to win high stakes will invariably go away rather wiser and certainly very much the poorer.

That there are a
 ABOUT THE good many suicides
 SUICIDES. owing to losses at
 Monte Carlo is, of
 course, well known. The Administra-
 tion takes care to hush up the ugly fact
 as far as it is able, but now and then
 painful cases of suicide leak out, and a
 few people are horrified. One of the
 most distressing cases happened a few
 months ago. A young German and his

bride, accompanied by a male friend, arrived at Monte Carlo from Cologne. The pair came to spend their honeymoon, and both the young wife and the husband were at once seized by the gambling fever. The flowers and palms of Monaco were different from dull Cologne, with its evil-smelling streets and its grey Dom Platz, and the trio at first went along merrily—losing and winning alternately—until, believing that fortune smiled, they commenced to plunge. In a single day all three lost all that they had, including the money remitted by telegraph, and that same night they went over to Nice, and together committed suicide in the sea, leaving a letter which plainly showed the cause of the tragedy. Reliable statistics, given by Dumont in his well-known indictment of Monte Carlo under the title of "Le Prince Rouge et Noir," show that during the past decade the average number of suicides at Monte Carlo have been *over two per day!* Surely that is an alarming state of things! Yet, after all, looked at

impartially, Monte Carlo does not seek to get gamblers into its clutches as do the proprietors of London bucket-shops. When a man goes there he is not admitted unless his outward appearance is such as to lead the attendants to believe that he can afford to lose a few hundred francs, and before he enters he must present his visiting-card and formally apply for admission. None under twenty-one are admitted, therefore those who cannot afford to lose need not enter there. I am well aware of the terrible evils of gambling, having myself witnessed much of it; nevertheless, I contend that if there must be gambling—and I take it that there must be—there can be no fairer games than those played at Monte Carlo, nor no more just conductors of a gambling-hell than the Administration of the Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco. The fact to be regretted is that books such as the one I have mentioned should be published. For years it has been proved that there is no infallible system by which one may win at Monte Carlo, yet when such books are issued hundreds of people, eager to grasp at straws, rush to buy copies, and afterwards to risk their money on the *tapis vert*. The

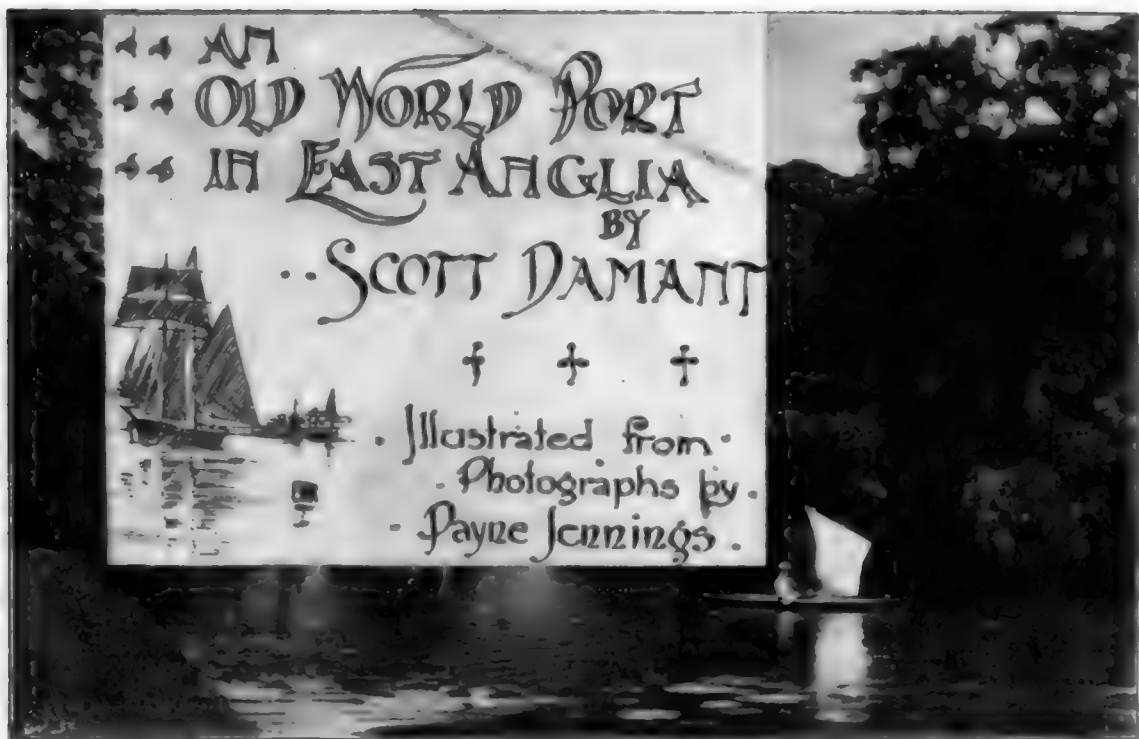
publication of each of these books means a gain to the Bank of thousands of pounds, and perhaps the ruin of hundreds, and even some suicides—a cheerful reflection for their authors!

While upon the subject of Nice and Monte Carlo, I would strongly advise those

who visit the Riviera not to fail to take a railway journey upon the recently opened strategical railway, called the Line of Southern France, which runs from Nice, by way of La Roquette, to Puget-Théniers, passing the wild Gorges du Loup. It is a marvellously constructed line, passing up the valley of the Var through some of the finest, if not the very finest, mountain scenery in France, and one has a journey of forty miles of constant panorama of rocks, rivulets, waterfalls, and the snow-clad Alps, all well worth seeing. It is a journey which should not be missed, although I fear very few devote a day to it. Those who do so will certainly not regret taking my advice.

The accompanying photographs are by Messrs. J. GILETTA, of Nice, and Mr. E. BRACKEN.





OF all the towns and harbours where "The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go" there is none more quaint and interesting than the old-world port of Harwich.

Being the natural place of embarkation for the Low Countries, Harwich has ever been held to be of considerable strategical importance, and an accurate history of Harwich would almost be a history of England.

It was King Edward II. who bestowed its charter of incorporation upon Harwich as long ago as 1318, and its old Royal Naval yard, where shipbuilding is still carried on, was originally constructed in 1326 by that ill-fated monarch's strong-minded spouse, who fortified the town, having, new-woman like, risen in rebellion against her husband. Fourteen years later the son of Edward II. and Isabella, King Edward III., set out from Harwich with a fleet of two hundred and sixty sail, and by defeating the French off Sluys, on the coast of Flanders, won the first great English naval victory. This was not the first fight near Harwich, for in 885 King Alfred's fleet joined issue with the

Danesthere, with what result is uncertain, as both sides claimed the victory.

Henry VIII. visited Harwich on June 8th, 1543, as did his daughter Elizabeth on August 12th, 1561. So well did Good Queen Bess like the town, that she stayed there some days, accepting entertainment at the expense of the Borough and lodging at a house in the middle of the High Street. On leaving, the Queen enquired of the Mayor if he had any request to make on behalf of the town. "Nothing, but to wish your Majesty a good journey," replied his worship. "A pretty town, and wants nothing," was the Queen's comment, as, turning her horse's head, she rode out of the town. Commenting on this incident, Dale, the historian, wrote in 1730: "The state and condition of this town at this present is not much unlike what it was at that time, not having any inhabitants who may pass in repute of being very rich men, nor any so poor and indigent as to beg an alms from door to door, it being in nowise guilty of begging or beggary."

On July 22nd, 1666, owing to threats of invasion on the part of the Dutch, no less than one hundred English men of war are recorded to have anchored in



HARWICH HARBOUR

Harwich Harbour. On October 3rd of the same year, King Charles II. drove over from Newmarket, where he had been attending the races, to Landguard Fort, whence he crossed by yacht to Harwich. The king was accompanied by the Duke of York, afterwards James II., the Duke of Buckingham, and two of his natural sons, the Dukes of Monmouth and Richmond. The royal party stayed over night, and, the following day being Sunday, all devoutly attended Divine Service in the parish church. It is recorded that the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Tully, one of His Majesty's chaplains; but it is *not* recorded that the learned preacher favoured his sovereign with a choice excerpt from the Communion Service, or based his discourse on the Seventh Commandment.

Twice, when waging war with France, William III. passed through Harwich, on the way to and from his beloved Holland; on one occasion, May 1st, 1691, to be precise, staying at the house then occupied by Mr. Thomas Langley, which house is still in existence in Church Street.

Records prove that both George I. and George II. visited Harwich, and on December 3rd, 1728, Frederick, Prince of Wales, landed there on his way from Hanover, sleeping at the "Three Cups" Hotel.

From all this it will be seen that Harwich has been in its time a place of very considerable importance, but old towns, like old families, rise, flourish, and fall. In years gone by, fishing was the principal industry of the place, although its shipbuilding and timber trade were then, as now, of no mean importance. In 1778, Harwich was the chief fishing port on the East Coast, its fleet numbering seventy-eight sail of first-class boats, but the long war with France greatly hindered its operations, and on the cessation of hostilities it was found that the bulk of the trade had gone to Great Grimsby, which port, being further north, had been safer during the war. Indeed, the Peace of 1815 was anything but an unmitigated blessing to Harwich, for the bulk of its garrison was withdrawn, and although it is still strongly fortified and Tommy

Atkins is much in evidence, from a purely military point of view it may be said of Harwich "Ichabod, the glory is departed."

But an even heavier blow was struck at the prosperity of Harwich when, in 1836, the mails were transferred to Dover. Prior to that date it had been the most important mail packet station on the English coast as far as communication with the Continent went, as many as eighty Mail Packets plying between Harwich and Gottenburg, Cuxhaven, Helvoetsluys, and other Continental ports during the long wars with France.

The first faint glimmer of returning prosperity dawned upon this old East Anglian port in 1863, for in October of that year the Great Eastern Railway first started its now flourishing Continental steamboat service. From that date the trade of the town and tonnage of the port have steadily increased, and as last year the conveyance of at least a portion of the Dutch mails was restored to it, Harwich would appear, Faust-like, to have renewed its youth.

From a political point of view, too, the town has fallen from its high estate. Of such consequence was it in 1344, that it returned two Members to Parliament, and this it continued to do until the Reform Act of 1867 reduced the number to one. In 1885 the Redistribution Bill deprived Harwich of its one Member, and for parliamentary purposes the ancient borough was merged in what is known as the Harwich Division of Essex.

Loss of separate representation in the Popular Assembly, although it naturally hurt the *amour propre* of its inhabitants, did not affect its popularity as a watering-place, or that of its salubrious suburb Dovercourt, whose yellow sands are visited by more holiday-makers every year. Not so many years ago Dovercourt was a distinct village, separated from Harwich by a country lane. Now Harwich has extended southwards, and Dovercourt northwards, so that it is hard to say where one ends and the other begins. The municipal borough of Harwich includes Dovercourt; but as each place possesses its own parish church, presumably the

boundary line is known to the ecclesiastical authorities.

The houses in Dovercourt are nearly all essentially modern, and to that extent in sharp contrast to the bulk of the houses in Harwich, whose venerable appearance testifies to their having been erected long before the reign of the jerry-builder, or the advent of the "villa residence." By far the most commanding-looking building in Harwich is the Great Eastern Hotel, which faces the Dutch-like harbour. In connection with this hotel cheap tickets are issued

traveller fail to take a trip either on the River Orwell, or its sister stream, the Stour.

Harwich, as the geography books tell us, is situated on the mouth of the Stour and opposite the confluence of the Orwell. If any refutation were needed of the oft-repeated libel that the Eastern Counties of England are altogether flat and uninteresting a journey on either of these streams would be all-sufficient for the purpose. The wonderful beauty of the scenery has long been recognised by artists. It is the road from Ipswich,



THE LIGHTHOUSE, DOVERCOURT

from Great Eastern stations, available for three days, including conveyance by any train to Harwich and back; *table d'hôte* dinner and tea on date of arrival; breakfast, luncheon, *table d'hôte* dinner, and tea on the following day; breakfast on the third day, together with bedroom and attendance for the time. The price of such tickets from Liverpool Street, it may be mentioned, is thirty shillings first class, and twenty-five shillings third class, inclusive. This will be found to be a singularly cheap and pleasant way of visiting this sea-side resort; but on no account should the

close by the banks of the Orwell, that Gainsborough has immortalised in his most striking painting—"The Market Cart"—which is of course familiar to all in the National Gallery. Another great English landscape painter, Constable, was born at East Bergholt in the immediate vicinity, and writing some seventy years or more ago said: "I associate my careless boyhood with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. These scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful." Grateful, too, are many jaded Londoners, who, leaving the cares and worries of business life far behind

them, find health and happiness on these sunny streams in East Anglia.

The boats plying between Ipswich, Harwich, and Felixstowe belong to the Great Eastern Railway Company, who for a party make an inclusive charge, comprising luncheon and dinner at the hotel, and a trip either up the Orwell or the Stour, a special boat being placed at the disposal of the party for the occasion. Many such trips are made every year. The annual outing of the staff of the *Times* was so arranged a year or two ago, and to organisers of beanfeasts and day excursions such a trip offers many advantages.

The richly-wooded slopes of the Orwell show occasional glimpses of old parish churches with which East Anglia is so replete, and of typical specimens of "the stately homes of England." On

the north side the two Trimleys are first passed, each with its parish church, dedicated respectively to St. Mary and St. Martin. They are only a hundred yards apart from one another, and are actually enclosed in a common churchyard. In view of the present "crisis in the Church" this arrangement would appear to offer certain advantages. The admirers of Mr. John Kensit might worship in one church, and the followers of Lord Halifax in the other. Probably the difficulty would be to keep the respective parties each in its own church. Farther on Stration Hall and Levrington Creek are passed in rapid panorama, a glimpse being caught of Orwell Park, the seat of Captain Pretymann, M.P., and the quay of Ipswich heaves in sight. On the south side Woolverstone Hall, the historic seat of the Berners family,



WOLSEY'S GATE, IPSWICH

Freston Tower, Harkstead Church, and Stoke Hall, all pass more or less in review ; and at a little place called Pin Mill a landing may be effected if desired by means of a small boat.

A sufficiently long stay should be made at Ipswich to allow of a visit being paid to the old house in the Butter-market ; it is one of the finest examples of a sixteenth-century town mansion extant. A still older relic is the gateway to the Grammar School, erected under Bull of Pope Clement VII., in 1525, by Cardinal Wolsey, who, having been born in

of its magnitude it should be viewed minutely, with its drawbridge and gulf. In addition to the redoubt there is one of the numerous Martello towers, those extraordinary and utterly useless buildings which were hastily erected for purposes of coast defence when all England was in a panic through fear of an invasion by "Boney."

The breakwater was built in 1844, Parliament voting the sum of £500,000 for the purpose. It is a favourite promenade with visitors, as is the pier and the esplanade.



FELIXSTOWE

Ipswich, in the days of his power did not forget his native town. Many of the old churches of Ipswich are worthy of inspection—indeed, the ancient capital of Suffolk abounds in mementoes of the past, although the general aspect of the town is that of modern progress and prosperity.

But, after all, it is not necessary to leave Harwich itself in order to find much that is antique and interesting. The redoubt which crowns the summit of an artificial mound was erected by the military authorities during the Peninsular War. To obtain a proper idea

The parish church of St. Nicholas is a comparatively modern structure, but it stands on the spot formerly occupied by a much older building, and its register dates from the year 1539. The records of this church form a very fair epitome of the ecclesiastical history of England. Thus in the reign of Edward VI. two worthies, John Chapman and William Ollyffe by name, were appointed churchwardens. For six years they held their posts, during which time they disposed of all the plate, over one hundred and eighty ounces of silver in all, many of the vestments and orna-

ments, the very altar-stone itself, and even the organ-case, carefully pocketing the proceeds. In 1553 Queen Mary ascended the throne, and then came retribution. She sent one John Swiverton to look into matters. He reported that even the chalice was missing, and the Queen commanded the wardens to procure a new one. This they did by fashioning a silver cup out of fifteen ounces of old plate belonging to the town. But the Queen's zeal did not stop there. She compelled those peccant wardens to make a new altar, furnish the priest with new vestments, and supply the church with a pyx, a sanctus bell, mass books, candlesticks, a censer, a crucifix, and statues of St. Mary and St. John. Scarcely had these changes been effected when Elizabeth became Queen. Then the wardens were promptly required to deface the images and the stained glass windows and to supply a new Service Book, a Bible, "a paraphrase of Erasmus," and a Book of Homilies. Since then matters appear to have gone on fairly smoothly at the church in Harwich, except during the 'seventies, when an extremely High Churchman was appointed to the vicarage. He used to pay sundry visits to the Continent and return with strange-shaped cases, whereat his parishioners muttered and shook their heads, for they soon learnt by experience that those cases

contained "popish vestments." But on one occasion he returned quite unladen and horrified his flock by announcing that he had been received into the Catholic Church.

Unlike the church at Harwich, that at Dovercourt is a very ancient building, dating from the twelfth century. In pre-Reformation days it contained a rood credited with miraculous properties. In 1532 three fanatics entered the church at midnight, and, removing the rood, burnt it, for which piece of iconoclasm they were all three hanged.

In one other respect Dovercourt excels its neighbour, for whereas Harwich has only one lighthouse, Dovercourt boasts two. Dovercourt also owns a spa, with a natural spring, which is said to be of considerable medicinal value, although the water has, in the words of Sam Weller, "a wery strong flavour o' warm flat-irons." Altogether a great deal may be said in favour of Harwich as a holiday resort; its ozone-laden air is bracing and invigorating, and its narrow streets and old-world houses are relics of the days when smuggling was quite a recognised industry. Time has dealt gently with it, and, like much else in sleepy East Anglia, it wears almost the same aspect as it did "in good King George's time."





BY W. B. WALLACE, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. YORK SHUTER



I.

THE AMERICAN'S LEGACY



MAN lay sick unto death in the ward of a Liverpool hospital.

He was old, and yet men older than he have often presided over the destinies of mighty empires with unimpaired vitality, and intellectual faculties sobered and chastened, rather than diminished, by the advancing years. This, however, was a case of decay and collapse of the bodily powers, accelerated by the life of ceaseless activity which the man had led. He had simply used up his physical capital in a career of hardship and adventure, which, far from bringing grist to his mill, had landed him, at the end of his days, a pauper in the charity ward of an English hospital.

Edward Clayton was an American—a New Englander, hailing from the "Lumber State," and a bold, restless spirit, as so many of his countrymen are. He often boasted—and it was in his case no mere "tall talk"—that he had visited

every corner of North and South America. "A pretty large order, I guess," he would usually add, projecting a small cascade of tobacco-juice to the farthest end of the apartment. Most of his time, however, had been spent in Peru, including the territory once called Upper Peru, but now known as Bolivia.

The ancient looked picturesque enough now, as he reclined in his neat and comfortable bed, with its counterpane of clean, white dimity. The approach of death had softened the asperities of his rugged features, and increased the brilliance of his keen, dark eyes, contrasting so strangely with the leonine shock of hair above them, white as a snowdrift. He did not suffer, and the mental obfuscation, incidental to the earlier stages of his malady, had been dispersed by the radiance that so often heralds the rise of the Sun of Eternity.

"How do you feel this evening, Edward?" enquired a cheery voice.

"The old hulk is nearing its moorings at last," replied Clayton calmly.

Young Mr. Langford, the house-surgeon, tried to assume a reassuring air, but he was too honest to contradict his patient, who, he knew, was, as he had said, rapidly drifting towards the last moorings.

"I am glad you have come, sir," went on the old man in a wonderfully clear and strong voice, and with a wistful, eager expression in his eyes. "You are the best and kindest Britisher I ever met; and, as I am alone in the world, I should like to make you my residuary legatee."

An involuntary, but not unfeeling smile broke over the young surgeon's

latter, although exceeding sceptical as to its value, felt bound, under the circumstances, to accept it, and to thank the donor.

"Sit down, sir," said the American gravely. "I have a long story to tell, and it must be told before the expiring candle gives its last leap in the socket. Without an explanation the papers which you hold would be well-nigh valueless."

"You know—for I have often alluded to the fact in our conversations—that a good bit of my life was spent in Peru; but I have never yet told you my reasons for knocking about in that particular



"AN INVOLUNTARY, BUT NOT UNFEELING SMILE BROKE OVER THE YOUNG SURGEON'S FACE"

face, although he tried hard to check it.

"Yes, sir," continued the American in swift reply to his unuttered thought, "I know that I am a pauper; and yet I hold the key to a treasure greater than any monarch has ever accumulated. Here it is. It is yours; and may the blessing of a dying man, whose last hours you have soothed, enable you to use it aright, and with better success than I did."

Clayton handed Mr. Langford a small roll of papers, neatly tied up, which he drew from beneath his pillow. The

location. You are a better scholar than I, and no doubt have read about Atabalipa, the last of the Incas, and how Pizarro and D'Almagro—who, in the first instance, had no right to invade his country—picked a quarrel with him because, forsooth, he would not embrace Christianity at once, and surrender his dominions to the Emperor Charles V. No, the Spaniards did not show up particularly well on that occasion, and I don't think they could have expected better luck than they have had ever since. The wretched Peruvians were slaughtered like sheep; their Inca was

made a prisoner; and the land was plundered of all that was valuable and holy. This was not enough for the Dons. They had a kinder suspicion that Atabalipa was playing 'possum with them, and had not told them of all his treasures. Atabalipa maintained that he had; and the result of this difference of opinion was that the unfortunate Inca underwent a mock trial, was, of course, condemned, and then strangled at a stake.

"Vengeance overtook his murderers soon after; for the Spanish invaders quarrelled over their ill-gotten gains, and D'Almagro was conquered and slain by Pizarro, who was subsequently assassinated by some of his rival's followers. One would have fancied that the avarice of the new masters of Mexico and Peru would have been glutted by the enormous hoards of gold, silver and gems, which fell into their hands. It was not so; they had somehow taken it into their heads that there were far greater riches, far more astounding wonders hidden away, if only they could discover them. Many believed that Atabalipa had lied when he declared that he had revealed all his wealth to the Spaniards; and wild legends, such as those of Eldorado and the Floridan Fountain of Youth, rapidly gained currency.

"Now, I always fancied that the Dons had an inkling of the truth after all, and that the noble and patriotic Atabalipa had very pardonably outwitted his savage executioners. He must have had, I argued, what is called in trapper parlance a cache—perhaps in one of the islands of Lake Titicaca, where Manco Capac lived and reigned; perhaps near Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Peruvian Empire; perhaps in some secret spot in the heart of the Cordilleras.

"Such were the airy foundations upon which I built my theory—a superstition, a legend, a guess. To proving the truth of this theory I devoted some of the best years of my life. I penetrated every nook and inlet of Lake Titicaca; I lay down and slept in the mystic isle of Manco Capac, and sought in my dreams to commune with the shade of the great Peruvian; with rifle and haversack, and attended by a small

party of Indian guides, I wandered, a solitary traveller, vowed to a romantic quest, over the savage wastes, and amidst the fantastic limestone crags and caverns of the Eastern Andes; and at last, after many years of exploration, when I had become weary and heart-sick and prematurely aged, I found Eldorado—yes, I found it—chanced upon it in the hollows of the mountains. Oh! sir, the imagination of man cannot conceive a tithe of its golden glories! and, alas! the soul of man cannot fathom the mystery of horror that broods over and protects it!

"You have been my only friend in a strange land. I give you in requital all that I possess—the key to the secret. Full directions as to the difficult and hidden route are contained in the packet. But weigh well the matter, I implore you. I know that if you decide to undertake the adventure, you will set out armed with all the appliances of science, relying on a cool head and a brave heart. And yet, standing as I do upon the brink of eternity, I am tortured by the thought that, although I love you as a son, I may be doing you a great and grievous wrong in putting you upon the track. For death in its most terrific form lurks amidst the gold. My Indian guides perished to a man, and I only escaped from the house of treasure with empty hands and hopeless heart. More I will tell you presently; now I must rest."

With these words, the light suddenly faded from the old man's eyes. The strong emotion, which the narrative had given rise to, had exhausted his small remaining stock of energy. Pale and trembling, struggling for breath, and with the sweat of death upon his brow, he sank back on his pillow. Langford saw that he was making frantic efforts to speak, and bent his ear down to the lips of the moribund.

Ere the spirit passed away, he managed to catch the faintly-articulated words, "Beware of the Guardian of the Palace."

II.

ELDORADO.

Acquisitiveness is an important factor in the English character. It is all very

well to denounce it under the ugly name of greed; but where would our vast Colonial Empire—where would Greater Britain be, but for it? "Gentlemen adventurers," of the type of Drake and Morgan, no longer, it is true, ruffle it in our streets, "bearded like pards," and merrily chinking in the capacious pockets of their trunk-hose Spanish doubloons, the plunder of Spanish galleons; but, in place of these worthies, we have our syndicates, whose mission it is to exploit anything and everything under the sun, from a gold reef in Rhodesia or Coolgardie to a sunken pirate craft in Bantry Bay.

Yielding to the prevailing fashion of the day, and also, it must be added, to a sense of his own comparative imppecuniosity, John Langford formed a syndicate for the exploitation of the old American's treasure, of whose existence he did not entertain the slightest doubt, and of which he considered himself the rightful heir; and this syndicate was an eminently Liverpudlian, and therefore cosmopolitan one, as will be readily gathered from the names of its members: Constantine Arguopoulos, Adolphe de Versan, Heinrich Spiegel, Walter Kermode, Denis O'Flaherty, Levi Cohen, and Langford himself, the promoter, and the only Englishman of the party. All these gentlemen had been duly converted to his views by the young medico, and believed as firmly as himself that there was "something in the matter," and that that something was—money.

Let us eschew tedious preliminaries, and say that our "Seven Champions" of Mammon started from Birkenhead on board the s.s. *Casabianca*, of the Pacific line, and had a prosperous voyage to Callao. Here their adventure really began. They maintained the strictest secrecy as to the nature of their mission. Nor had they much difficulty on this score, inasmuch as Levi Cohen, who had been for some years in business at Valparaiso, was the only one of the party who knew Spanish. Much had to be done in the way of preparation for the expedition. Mules had to be purchased, Indian servants hired, and stores of *charqui* and other supplies procured.

When all was in readiness, the small party of twelve men, carefully avoiding

Lima and the railway connecting that city with the Andean plateau, set out for the south-east, in the direction of Cuzco, Langford, in whose possession were the maps, plans and order of the route, assuming the command. It was their intention, at a given point, to be indicated by him, to pay and dismiss their five peons, performing the remaining stages of the journey alone. Their golden secret was to be entrusted to none.

Their way, labyrinthine and intricate in the extreme, led them far from the haunts of civilisation, through scenes of savage grandeur, whose weird and impressive features were the work of the volcano and the earthquake, through deep cañons and defiles, where the light of day was well-nigh shut out by overhanging mountains, whose peaks at times assumed the form of petrified giants and ghastly monsters of the prime—the home of the formidable condor, the vulture of the Andes.

In these awful solitudes, where Nature ceases to smile, and dons the stern mask of a very Medusa, man sadly learns his true insignificance. The grim silence, the utter loneliness, the vast and dizzy heights that tower above him, the fathomless abysses that open beneath his feet—all these things read him a lesson in humility, which the busy thoroughfares of the city, his own creation, and the din of the crowded mart, where he is filled with a sense of his own importance, can never impart.

Even Langford, the most buoyant and sanguine of the party, found himself unable to dispel the cloud of depression which gradually settled upon his spirits. He had not considered himself bound to damp the ardour of his companions by repeating to them the ominous warning conveyed by the American with his latest breath; but now that he and they were nearing the goal of their quest, the words haunted him with terrible persistency, "*Beware of the Guardian of the Palace!*" The American's story had been left half-told; the King of Terror had intervened, to prevent the disclosure of one of the mysteries of his kingdom. Clayton had been no milksop, and there must be something very real and awful in the danger which he had thus vaguely described. He remembered now that a

look of horror, as though caused by some dire reminiscence, had shadowed the face of the dying man as he uttered the words. Who, then, could this eerie Guardian of the Palace be? Surmise, from the nature of the case, was futile; but the certainty of the peril, and the uncertainty as to its nature, made his heart sink within him. Most men, who are worthy of the name, will, like the Homeric Diomed, face any amount of foes in the open and by daylight with a firm and constant heart; but even the bravest dread the treacherous darkness and an unseen enemy.

And so they threaded their way through the devious mountain passes, until the day arrived when the Indians were dismissed and Langford announced, to the great satisfaction of his weary companions, that they were approaching the end of their journey. The welcome news banished their fatigue, hope revived within them, and in fancy they beheld themselves rifling the treasures of the dead Inca, Atabalipa.

It was a clear night, and the moon was just at her full, sharply silhouetting the grotesque pinnacles of rock that towered into the heavens wherever the eye was cast. Langford and his party, rounding a projecting cliff, began a steep and difficult descent into an amphitheatre embosomed by the mountains which rose almost perpendicularly around it. Hearts beat high, and brows flushed with joyous anticipation; for they knew that after their weary pilgrimage the land of promise had been gained at last. All at once a simultaneous cry arose from the seven men—"Gold! gold! gold!" There was something both ludicrous and pathetic in the unsophisticated and greedy enthusiasm of the little cosmopolitan band who had at least one thought in common. Their ecstasy, if sordid, was, as far as it went, quite as deep and genuine as that of Xenophon's Greeks when they saw the blue zone of their beloved "Thalatta" from the



"IT WAS A CLEAR NIGHT"

mountains of Pontus—as that of the Crusaders when between the gaps of the barren serrated limestone ridges of Palestine they caught their first dim glimpse of Jerusalem.

What Langford and the members of his syndicate beheld was this: a city, still, silent, and deserted, covering the superficies of the hidden valley. It was indeed a city of the dead that slumbered there in the revealing moonlight, but—a city of gold. Here were vast pylons, like those of Carnac; there were mighty hypæthral temples and palaces, and uncouth images of birds and beasts and composite monsters, shadowy and cyclopean as the relics of a vanished past that frown from the portals of Mycenæ or stud the solitude of Yucatan; but every column, every entablature, every pilaster, every statue shot forth

the fiery gleam of gold in answer to the pale challenge of the lunar rays.

Was it a dream? was it an illusion? was it a subjective hypnotic hallucination? or was it in very deed a dazzling reality? They were only mortal, and the conquering radiance of the splendid vision overcame them. They veiled their faces with trembling hands, almost fearing that when they removed them they might find the golden panorama vanished like a mirage of the desert. Tears coursed down their sunburnt faces; they cheered themselves hoarse; they crowded round Langford, congratulating him and themselves; and then with much haste they rushed rather than descended into the valley. Here was treasure enough, they thought, to buy up all Europe.

And their hunger and exhaustion were forgotten. Late on into the night they roamed through the deathly stillness of halls and colonnades and basilicas, all built of the sacred and precious metal, occasionally meeting with stately altars erected in honour of the Sun, the supreme god of the Peruvian, and colossal images of inferior divinities, adorned and encrusted with blazing diamonds, rubies incarnadine, and other gems, of a size and brilliance unknown to the Old World.

At last it was time to bivouac—to sleep and dream and wait for the glorious morrow. Side by side they rested in the great central hall of Eldorado; but while they slept the Guardian of the Palace kept vigil.

III.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE PALACE

Golden pillars and pylons were already flashing beneath the open eye of day when six of the sleepers arose from what had been rather a black, dreamless lethargy than a refreshing slumber, to find that of the seventh of their number, Constantine Arguopoulos, the Greek—who, as it chanced, had been the last of the row of recumbent figures, and nearest to the steps of a lofty altar of the Sun at the end of the hall—nothing remained but a skeleton. Not a shred, not a particle of flesh was left upon the bones, and the ghastly thing

lay white and gleaming upon the golden floor, as though it had been carefully prepared for an anatomical museum, while the skull, from its eyeless sockets, seemed to gaze up into the faces of the terrified men with a stereotyped and mocking grin.

Not for the first time in the world's history had Death accompanied with Mammon. But when, how, and in what form had he entered that midnight hall of Eldorado? Who or what had been his fell agent, slaying, devouring in silence and in darkness, leaving no fragment of brain or viscera behind, no trace of blood upon the burnished golden slabs of the pavement. They had encountered neither beast nor bird, nor any other living thing in the deserted city. Whence, then, came the mysterious enemy? Awhile they wearied themselves with vain surmises, awhile they shudderingly contemplated the grim anatomy; then they hid it away out of sight, and wandered afield to feast their eyes upon the resplendent domain of Atabalipa, which they had inherited, bewildered by the fresh riches which every onward step revealed.

With the approach of night, their terror revived. They resolved to adopt every possible precaution to guard against another surprise from their awful visitant. They chose a different resting-place, and they agreed to keep watch by turns, each man's vigil to last an hour. Having arranged that the rotation should be according to seniority—*seniores priores*—they turned in at twelve o'clock, strictly enjoining Levi Cohen, who, as the *doyen* of the party, was to take the first watch, not to sleep at his post.

That night a strange thing happened. Levi Cohen never alarmed his successor in the watch; his five companions lay motionless as corpses until daybreak, and then woke to find to their horror that the Jew had shared the fate of the Greek.

And still—such is the perversity of human nature—the glamour of gold held them in the abodes of death; and still John Langford hugged his accursed secret to his breast, torture him as it might. He now grasped, in part at all events, the frightful import of the

dying American's warning; but he never named the dread Guardian of the Palace to his associates, partly from shame at having concealed the matter so long, and partly because he recognised with anguish of spirit that the revelation would now be too late.

When the sixth night fell the only survivors of the doomed party were the German, Heinrich Spiegel, and Langford himself. They vowed with feverish energy that they would break the accursed spell of Atabalipa. They would talk, they would smoke, they would keep each other awake; arm-in-arm they would perambulate Eldorado beneath the Peruvian moon and stars until the advent of dawn. The horrible fear of impending death, like a grim sentinel within their hearts, would assuredly banish all tendency to sleep. That night they would arrange their plans for breaking forth on the morrow from this golden shambles—wrenching themselves free for ever from the fatal fascination of the place, and only taking

away with them some of the largest and finest diamonds and rubies.

Everything went well until twelve o'clock. Then the usual deadly stupor crept gradually over Heinrich Spiegel. His attention wandered, his words became irrelevant and disconnected, and at last his limbs refused to do their office. With a despairing cry to Langford not to desert him, he flung himself down, a helpless prey to the coma that rapidly supervened.

John Langford kept faithful watch beside his friend. He was a man of splendid physical courage and an iron will; on that night of horror he succeeded in a feat which neither he nor his comrades had yet performed; for at the cost of a tremendous struggle he remained awake, and so attained to something more than a partial knowledge of the evil mystery of the place.

As he sat huddled up in his cloak beside the German, he was suddenly aware of a pungent odour as of musk that pervaded the night. The next



"JOHN LANGFORD KEPT FAITHFUL WATCH BESIDE HIS FRIEND"

moment the light of the moon was intercepted by what seemed to be the broad, expanded, sable pinions of a gigantic bird, huge as the roc of Eastern fable, or the hideous pterodactyls of the infant world, and resembling in aspect, but far surpassing in bulk, the mighty condor of the Andes. Swooping down from the heavens with swift but noiseless motion, the dire monster alighted beside the sleeping man.

Langford distinctly saw its eyes of flame—saw it plunge its vulture beak

into the German's bosom, and then swooned away.

* * * *

On the morrow a skeleton lay beside John Langford. Chilled to the breast with horror, with wild, dazed face and lack-lustre eyes, he consigned the bones of the last of his comrades to a rude grave. Then this sole survivor of the syndicate, laying no hand upon gold or gems, turned and fled for his life from the treasure-city of Atabalipa and the fell clutches of the demon Guardian of the Palace.





WRITTEN BY CALLUM BEG,
 Author of "Heraldry," "Canting Heraldry," "Naval Heraldry."
 ILLUSTRATED BY HILDA MITCHELL CAMPBELL

DURING the Middle Ages the badge or cognisance was in general use among the noble families of England. The arms of all the chief houses have been handed down to us from ancient times. They are displayed on escutcheons and on carriages. "The boast of heraldry" and "pomp of power" are still dear to the hearts of all entitled to bear arms. Possi-

bly they are held in still higher esteem by those who have "risen from the ranks." The cognisance, however, common as it once was on seals and monuments, has failed to find a resting-place anywhere in modern civilisation.

How few even of those whose forbears were known to the world by their household badge, rather than by their arms, know anything of its former use.

Badges were lavishly displayed by the nobility from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century.

In the reign of Edward III. the practice of exhibiting them reached absurd proportions.

The badge was often similar to the crest or taken from the arms, but it was neither borne on a torse like the crest, nor like the arms in a shield.

The dependants of the great barons acknowledged their fealty by wearing the badge of their superior lord. It was embroidered on the sleeves of serving-men and on the backs and breasts of soldiers. It figured on furniture, on standards, and, indeed, wherever it could be seen.

Like arms, badges were in many cases granted by the sovereign for some special reason. On that account to be deprived of one's cognisance was deemed a severe punishment. Bolingbroke, complaining

to King Richard II., is made by Shakespeare to give vent to the following words:—

From my own windows torn my household
coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.

King Richard II. Act III.

The badge had become so common in the reign of Richard III. that the king forbade its use. He sent a proclamation to the mayor and bailiff of Northampton forbidding the inhabitants "to take or receive any liveries or recognisances of any person of what estate, degree or condition soever he be of."*

His action was prompted by the fact that "great devastations and dissensions had arisen in consequence of oaths, the givers of signs and recognisances of time past."*

The royal proclamation is the more remarkable when we consider that the lavish use of badges was traceable to the example of former kings.

Henry II. is said to have introduced the badge into England. To him is attributed the distinction of having carried the broom plant known as *planta genista*. This cognisance, so plain in comparison with others of later date, gave birth to the name of Plantagenet. To that house belonged the kings of England from 1154 to 1399.

The traditional origin of this royal badge is interesting. Like so many more legends of the period, it serves to record that religious spirit and love of the Holy Land which found an outlet in one crusade after another.

Two accounts† state that Fulke Martel, Earl of Anjou, having put to death the Earl of Brittany, his nephew, in order to succeed to the earldom, told his confessor of the crime. To make amends for this sinful action the churchman devised a somewhat long and rigorous penance.

Martel was despatched to Jerusalem with two servants. One was instructed to lead him by a halter to the Sepulchre of our Lord, where the other was to strip and scourge him like a common criminal. The instrument of torture was chosen

from the pliant shrub to be found in the Holy Land, the broom (*genista*), or as it was called in France, *genêt*. With a birch formed of that plant he was flogged by his servant, and the incident is said to have given rise to the name and badge. Among other badges, Henry II. is said to have borne an escarbuncle taken from the arms of Anjou,* and an olive branch.

Richard I., to commemorate his victories over the Turks, assumed a star (said to represent the Star of Bethlehem) issuing from between the horns of a crescent, the emblem of Islam.† John and Henry III. used a similar badge.

Edward I. was the first King of England to take a rose (of gold) for badge.‡ In after years the red rose became the badge of the House of Lancaster, and the white rose that of the House of York. Edward II.§ used the "Castle of Castile" to point to his descent from that house through Eleanor, his mother.

The favourite badge of Edward III. was rays proper descending from a cloud.|| He used also a fleur-de-lis.

The badge of Richard II., a white hart lodged,¶ gorged with a crown, and chained gold, is perhaps the most artistic of all. His mother Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, had as cognisance a white hind, from which, no doubt, Richard derived his badge. In addition he displayed the sun in its splendour. This is depicted on the sail of the vessel in which he returned from Ireland, in a manuscript history by one of his retinue.**

A swan ducally gorged and chained, as well as an antelope similarly gorged and chained, were the recognised cognisances of Henry IV. Both were derived from the Bohuns.

* Sir George Mackenzie (1).

† See his Great Seal in the British Museum (Harl. ch. 43, c. 28). He also carried the badge of his father.

‡ Harl. MSS. 304.

§ Great Seal, British Museum. (Add ch. 10,644.)

|| Also hand of blessing issuing from a cloud. See Fifth Seal, British Museum (XXXVII. 43, 44).

¶ See Tomb of Duke of Norfolk, St. Mark's, Venice, also moulding under the windows in Westminster Hall.

** Harl. MSS. 1319.

* Harl. MSS. 433.

† Skinner and Mézeray.

After the marriage of Henry de Bohun with Maud Mandeville, the former assumed the swan from the arms of his wife. These were gules, a swan argent, ducally collared and chained or. Henry used, too, the red rose of Lancaster. Henry V. preserved both the swan and antelope with a fire beacon, all of which adorn the Chantry of King Henry's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The beacon is said to signify that he would be "a lamp unto his people."

Henry VI. dropped the swan, but assumed two ostrich feathers. An ostrich feather had also been used by Henry IV. and Henry V. Another badge borne by Henry VI. was a spotted panther.

Edward IV. took for a badge a falcon and fetterlock, the badge of the Duke of York (Edward Langley). The latter rebuilt Fotheringay, given him by his father Edward III., in the shape of a fetterlock. To symbolise this he took as a badge a fetterlock, placing on it one of his father's badges—a falcon. After the battle of Mortimer's Cross, 1471, Edward IV. assumed the white rose *en soleil*, and is thus referred to by Shakespeare in the opening speech of Richard III.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this *sun* of York.

Edward V. preserved the falcon and fetterlock besides bearing a hind.

One of the badges of Richard III. was the sun in its splendour. Not contented with the "gilded car of day," he assumed a somewhat hybrid cognisance, described as "a falcon with a virgin's face holding a white rose," as well as a white boar. He is known in Shakespeare's plays, and in the rhymes of his own time as the "hogge," "boar," or "swine."* In the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, 1484, he is represented as standing on his favourite badge.

Henry VII., to mark his descent from John of Beaufort, was proud to exhibit his badge—a portcullis.

In addition to other badges he dis-

* The wretched bloody and usurping boar
that foul swine.

Richard III. Act V.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us.

Richard III. Act III.

played the white and red roses conjoined, in allusion to his marriage with Elizabeth of York. In his reign, too, originated that historic badge, a hawthorn bush royally crowned. At Bosworth Field, 1485, where Richard III. was slain, his crown, according to the legend, was picked up by a soldier and hid in a hawthorn bush. Here it was discovered by Sir Reginald Bray and afterwards placed on the head of Henry by Lord Stanley.

Henry VIII. continued to use the rose and portcullis among various other badges.

Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth all displayed some variety of Tudor rose. James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., displayed a rose and thistle dimidiated and crowned as an emblem of the union of the English and Scottish crowns. Anne was the last sovereign to bear a personal badge. It consisted of a rose branch and thistle growing from one stock and crowned. Such were some of the most remarkable of the badges used by English sovereigns.

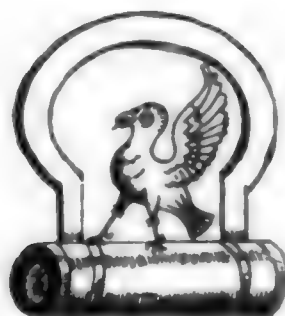
In this connection may be noted the somewhat elaborate badge of Anne Bullen. It was thus blazoned: "A stump of a tree couped and erased or, thereon a falcon argent (the crest of Bullen) crowned with the royal crown and holding a sceptre proper, before him a bunch of flowers with both red and white roses issuing from the stump."

The stump of the tree is probably typical of the Wars of The Roses, terminated in the death of Richard III., from which sprung the union of the two rival houses. The remainder of the badge is simple in its meaning, viz., that Anne Bullen was determined to uphold the royal line.

The powerful barons were as partial to badges as were their sovereigns. Of these many are well known in history by their cognisances. The bear and ragged staff of the Earls of Warwick is probably one of the most celebrated. Both parts of the badge are, according to legend, derived from the ancient Saxon Earls of Warwick. Of those, one Arthgal, if the story be true, assumed a bear as a badge, punning on his name. "Arth" is said to have signified "a bear" in the ancient British language.



RICHARD II.



EDWARD IV.



EDWARD III.



HENRY IV.



HENRY VII



ANNE BULLEN

Arthgal, says tradition, was a Knight of the Round Table.* The ragged staff is accounted for by the deed of another member of this family, Morvidus by name. He is reputed to have killed a giant with a tree torn up by the roots and to have adopted the badge in consequence.

If Morvidus were strong enough to uproot even a young tree unaided, his adversary, if a giant in comparison, must indeed have been a son of Anak.

Whether or not the respective stories have anything of truth in them is a matter for conjecture.

Certain it is that this badge was used by the Newburghs, created Earls of Warwick after the Norman Conquest. It was not, however, until the days of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, known in history as the "King-maker," that the badge became a household word.

He adhered at first to the House of York, and to him is ascribed the honour of having decided the first battle of St. Albans (1455) in favour of the Yorkist faction.† For this he was rewarded with the captaincy of Calais. In February, 1458, he crossed over to England to take part in the proposed agreement between the rival parties. He was accompanied by six hundred men attired in red jackets embroidered with white ragged staves.‡ This small body of warriors was conspicuous in London. They lived in royal style, and it is said that as many as six oxen were often eaten at a breakfast.§ After supporting Edward faithfully, and, indeed, practically managing his affairs, Warwick, displeased at the king's marriage with Elizabeth Wydeville, gradually found himself opposing Edward. The breach between them continued to widen, till at length they encountered each other in battle at Barnet, where Warwick was slain. When the "King-maker" first cast in his lot with the Lancastrians we read that everyone was proud to wear the ragged staff and flocked to swell the ranks of his army.|| Warwick is

over and over again referred to by his badge in Part II. of Shakespeare's Henry VI.

The following lines especially are remarkable:—

CLIFFORD: Might I but know thee by the household badge.

WARWICK: Now by my father's badge old Nevill's crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,¹
This day I'll lift aloft my bur-gonet

¹ This cognisance was also used as a crest and is now borne as such by the Earl of Warwick.

The buckle of the Pelhams, too, is a well-known badge. It is said to have originated at the battle of Poitiers (1356), where King John of France and the Dauphin were taken prisoner. After the battle several warriors on the English side claimed the honour of capturing the monarch, but according to the story the claims of Sir John Pelham and Sir Roger le Warr were held to be the most reasonable. The former was granted for badge a buckle, and the latter a crampit. This honourable charge was derived from the ornament at the end of a scabbard to prevent the point of the sword from protruding.

The buckle of the Pelhams is common throughout the east of Sussex. It is to be seen on buildings, inns, and on "cast-iron chimney backs in the farm-houses"* and on milestones. The badge of the Douglasses, which also appears in the arms of the family, is a bloody heart. It is thus referred to by Sir Walter Scott:—

The bloody heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas' dreaded men.

The bearing was assumed after the death of Sir James the Good, who was entrusted by Bruce to carry his heart to the Holy Sepulchre. The "Doughty Douglas," however, perished in a battle against the Moors in Spain, and the royal heart was taken to Scotland and buried in Melrose Abbey.

Ralph Cromwell was made Lord High Treasurer during the reign of Henry VI. In allusion to his office he took as badge

* Leland's Collectanea.

† Paston's Letters I. 330 and 345.

‡ Fabyan, p. 633.

§ Stowe. || Ibid.

* Historic Devices. Mrs. Bury Palliser, p. 319.

a silver purse. This badge of office may be seen carved in stone at Tattershall Castle, Lincolnshire.*

William of St. John was Master of the Baggage Waggon under the Conqueror, when the latter landed in England. In consequence he took for a badge a pair of golden hames. One of the badges of the Veres, Earls of Oxford, was a long-necked silver bottle with a blue cord. It was granted by Henry I., according to tradition, to the Earls of Oxford, who held the hereditary office of Lord High Chamberlain.

as their superiors the De Clairs, Earls of Gloucester, and it is thought by some that the clarion was a play on the name of the latter.

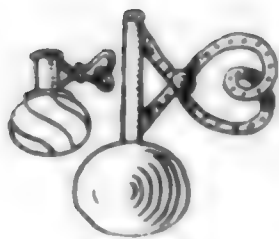
The Brays used a hemp-breaker or "brey" in allusion to their name. Such a badge is termed a *rebus*, defined by Dr. Johnson as "a word represented by a picture." The rebus is common at the present day, but not as a badge. It is well exemplified in the puzzles given for competition by so many journals in London. Sometimes it was composed of the several syllables forming the name



ABBOT ISLIP



WARWICK



VERE



(CRESETT FIRED)

HENRY V.

As in the arms of families, puns played an important part in their badges. The cognisance of the Granvilles was a clarion or sufflue, taken from their arms. The earliest example is to be found in the encaustic tiles of Neath Abbey, Glamorganshire, and in the seal of the foundation.† The Granvilles acknowledged

of the bearer. The badge of John Islip, Abbott of Westminster, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is an instance of this, viz., an eye with the slip of a tree. The prelate took a prominent part in the building of Henry VII.'s Chapel.*

As well as carrying horse-shoes in their arms the Ferrers used a horse-shoe as a badge. This, too, is a pun on the

* A copy of the chimney-piece is now in the South Kensington Museum.

† Historic Devices, p. 298.

* Weever.

patronymic. According to Palliser, both name and badge are to commemorate one Henry de Ferrariis, Chief Farrier to William the Conqueror.*

The family of Shelley took as a badge a golden whelk-shell. Four whelks are borne in the arms of the family, from which the badge is no doubt taken. In Clapham Church, Sussex, whelk-shells are shown in the surcoat of John Shelley, (1550), as well as on the gown of his wife.†

Knots were frequently used as badges, and, indeed, many families bore no other cognisance.

According to Boutell‡ they were formerly intended to convey the idea of a monogram. They were often combined with other figures.

The Dacres§, who, according to tradition, derived their name from Acre in the Holy Land, used a threefold badge. On the dexter was an escallop, the distinguishing mark of a crusader, and in the centre the Dacre knot attached to a ragged staff in sinister. The last was probably emblematical of the office of Hereditary Forester of Cumberland, held by the family. The cognisance of the Barons Stafford was a Stafford knot, supposed to be formed from the combination of SS. The well-known Wake and Ormond knot represents the letter W interlaced with OO. The badge of Archbishop Bourchier, who died in 1486, is known as a Bourchier knot. It appears on his monument in Canterbury Cathedral, combined with another

badge, the water bouget. The latter is said to date from the Crusades, and to represent two skins used for carrying water.

The Bowens bore a punning or canting cognisance, a knot of four loops or bows.

Sir Thomas Heneage, Vice-Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth, was granted for badge a peculiar kind of knot somewhat in the shape of a heart.*

The Lacy knot is possibly the most artistic of all. It forms a rebus of the name, being traceable to *lacet*, the French for knot. It may be seen on a shield among the ruins of Whalley Abbey in Lancashire, built by Henry de Lacy in 1296.

The Scottish clans have from the earliest ages worn plants and flowers as badges. It is possible that those most easily found in their respective territories were chosen.

The legend of the badge of Scotland is so interesting that it is given as a fitting end to the story of ancient cognisances. The Danes invaded Scotland in the reign of Malcolm I., 1010, and decided to attack Stains Castle. Midnight was fixed as the time for the advance. The Danes proceeded silently, having removed their shoes, hoping in the night-watches to surprise the garrison. They had reckoned without their host. Coming upon a bed of Scottish thistles in the moat of the castle, they cried out with pain and thus alarmed the garrison who drove them back.

The thistle was thus, according to the story, the means of preserving Scotland, and has ever since been the national badge.

* See also "Canting Heraldry," by CALLUM BEG. THE LUDGATE, February, 1898.

† Historic Devices, p. 330.

‡ Heraldry Ancient and Modern.

§ "Of the North."

* Harl. MSS. 5857.





THE SONG OF THE LEAVES

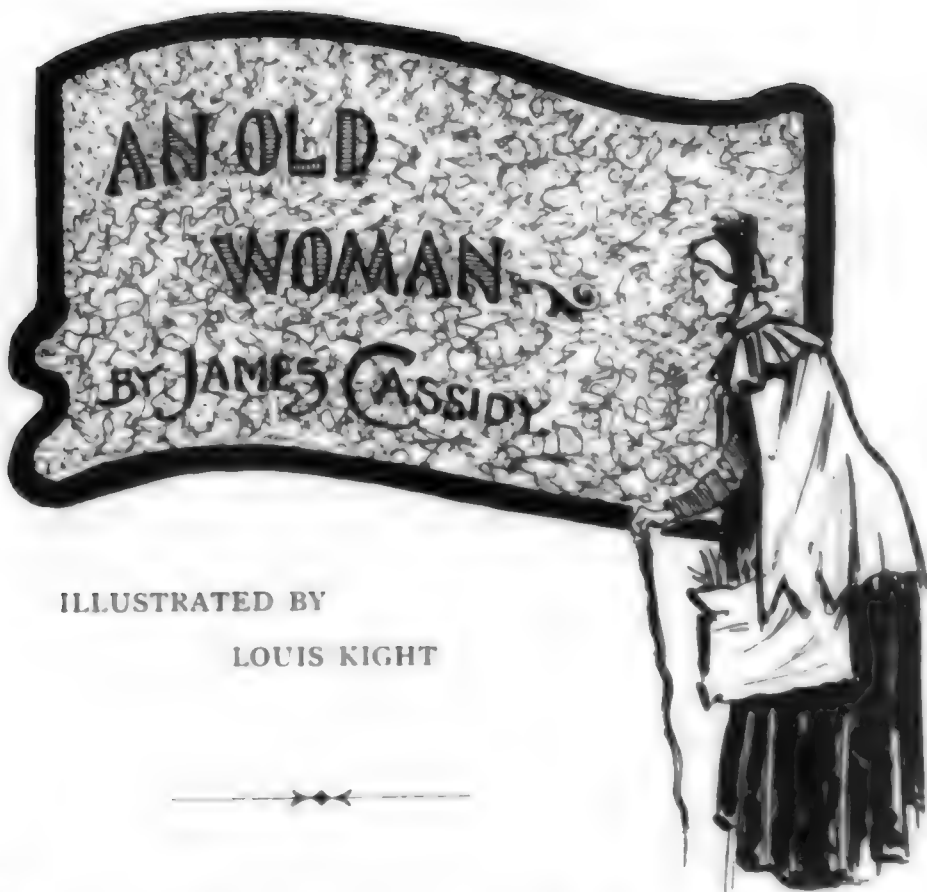
Chill the wind, uncouth unkind,
Sobbing low or raging high:
Summer sleeping Winter creeping,
Cheerless Winter creeping nigh:
Sang we in the month of May,
Madrigal and merrie lay, —
Falling falling, Fairies calling,
Sing the dead leaves lullaby.

Sunshine bright Good-night, Good-
Fading leaves must fall and fly,
Hither thither, whither whither,
Tempest wills it in the Sky:
Falling falling, Fairies calling,
Sing the dead leaves lullaby.

Fairy-land is close at hand.
Hark the mystic elfin-cry!
Elves to speed us, elves to lead us,
To the land where dead leaves lie.
Sang we in the month of June,
Madrigal and merrie tune,
Falling falling, Fairies calling,
Sing the dead leaves lullaby.

Rollinson '98

F. Bedwell



ILLUSTRATED BY
LOUIS NIGHT

HE was an artist who met her. She attracted his attention by her calm and almost saintly appearance contrasting with her rags. He laid a gentle hand upon her arm, and asked, "Are you willing to earn a few shillings by sitting to me as a model?" The bent figure straightened itself for a moment, and the old eyes flashed with the spirit of her younger womanhood, as the aged dame answered, with indignation in her tones, "No, thank you. I may be poor, but I'm not yet sunk so low as that." The astonished artist bowed and withdrew, and the proud owner of the wretched clothes tottered on.

Occasionally she stooped to the ground to pick up treasure trove—a piece of string, a cork, a tuft of dirty flannel or calico; each of which she stowed away in a capacious pouch suspended from her waist. Her thoughts were not on her gleanings, nor with the

artist—she had forgotten him—but with her children. She had grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but to her mind just then her eldest daughter was but a little child. "Such a pretty little dear!" she thought—with winsome ways and soft, warm cheeks that nestled against her own. Her frock was smart and clean, and her shoes new and bright. She felt the tiny hands stroke her face, and heard the childish voice sing out sleepily, "Ta-ta, ta-ta," as the time came for "Night-night." Then the girl in the blue frock toddled along by her side, holding the hand of a toddling boy; and in the mother's arms was another boy, chubby and beautiful to her who carried him. "Me love ôô," he lisped, cheerily; "me love ôô, mummy." The word strengthened her arms, and turned the prose of the day to poetry. Her home—the children's home—was in a busy suburb of London. She had determined that, come what might, she

would rent a "whole" house. True, she was but a weaver's widow, with six little ones to feed and clothe; but while she could work—day and night if need were—there should be no overcrowding. Her lips moved as she rehearsed her struggles and anxieties to herself. Passers-by heard her mumbling, and smiled cynically; but the old woman was a young woman standing at the washtub, and too much occupied to notice them. It was her first day's washing for wage, and her back felt broken. She wiped her streaming face with her rough apron again and again.

"I can never do it," she sobbed to herself. "I shall have to give up; I know I shall."

"Give up!" exclaimed the chemist's wife, her employer. "Why, you've done splendidly; you'll be the champion washer yet."

The words helped her; she remembered that. Ah! she had washed thousands of times since then. "I kept them all respectable," she reflected, "and not one of them wore rags or bad boots. Harry was always a boy for wear and tear, but I kept his soles good and the uppers water-tight." Her own boots were dilapidated enough; it was long since she had worn a sound pair. But she blamed nobody; her children were "not bad children," and how should they know that she hobbled in old boots? Presently she came to a turning off Forest Hill Road; it was a poor road enough, but it contained all her wealth, all that was left of her "home" after she had given a few things to one daughter and a few to another to "help them set up a bit." She did not make her way at once to her room, but looked in at Bedlin's, the greengrocer's. The tears of age stood in her eyes, and the eye-rims were unpleasantly red—this also was due to age. Her voice quavered as she spoke, and there was a trembling of her stick as she leaned.

"You must move me, Mrs. Bedlin," she piped; "there's none as'll give me work, and my rent's too high; sixpence is sixpence; you must move me."

Mrs. Bedlin went on serving a customer; she had heard what the old woman said, and was wondering who

was to pay for the move. But now the customer was gone, and she must speak.

"Where'll you be moving?" she asked.

"There's a room over the laundry in Reed Street," she answered, "and who knows, I might get work if I were on the spot."

Ah! the coveted "spot."

"You ain't fit for work," replied the greengrocer's wife.

"More fit for work than for parish relief," whimpered the old woman.

"And how'll you pay if Bedlin moves you?"

"The money's safe," answered the dame, "or I shouldn't have come to you."

"It can't be done under eighteenpence, and that's wonderful cheap."

The old woman sighed, but that might mean anything. Then she opened her pouch, stuffed with gutter treasure trove, and fumbling with the contents, she at length drew out a shilling and a sixpence, and laid them on the counter. "I'll leave the silver now," she said, "and you'll move me to-morrow if I can find a room in time. Then she shuffled out of the shop and into the rain, and made her way toward the laundry; but the room was "let."

Not far off was another room. It was over a cobbler's. After some haggling she was accepted as tenant, paying a week's rent in advance. She felt almost glad that the cobbler was to be her landlord, for her second son was a shoemaker. Had she not paid down gold to apprentice him? He had laughed gleefully at first, and told of the boots he would make her one day; but that day had not come yet.

She had moved about a deal, as her daughters moved, but always in the same locality; she liked to be near them; she could do little things for them when they were ill; she "studied" her children. Now they were "fivepence or sixpence away" from her, and she could not afford the fare, neither could she ask them for it. She earned her daily bread by minding the very young children of women who went out to work. When there were no

babies to mind she wandered miles picking up "scraps." These she brought home, sorted, and sold for all they would fetch. There were two ladies for whom she had washed twenty-five years or more, who bought tea of her, and this brought her in fourpence weekly. Laura, too, had bought tea of her, but now she had moved away. Laura was her youngest daughter. It had troubled her deeply when this last daughter, the wife of a skilled mechanic, had told her she was moving to Poplar.

"I can't stay and bid you goodbye, Laura," she had said, bravely choking back her grief.

"Why not?" said the girl, "I wish you would, you'd not be in the way."

"No, no, Laura, I couldn't stand it."

"As you like," assented Laura, quite indifferently, as it seemed to her mother, whose yearning old heart ached over her youngest.

There was much to be done before Bedlin came to move her. "Finds" to be sorted, and a market found. Under the bed was a deal box. The old lady called it her "box of other days." There was not much left in it now. She pulled it out and overhauled the contents. There were two or three baby garments, kept for Laura's sake; a few inches of crape cut from the last piece that her husband had woven. She fingered this tenderly; as she rubbed it the figure of the tall, strong man appeared before her, tossing his weekly earnings into her lap, just as he had been wont to do. She heard again his hearty laugh; his cheery song; and saw him mount on his shoulder one after another of the children. She still fingered the crape, and other sounds fell on the ear of her heart. She heard the voices of his comrades as they told her of an accident that had befallen him. He had been carried to the nearest hospital. For a week she went daily to see him; then, assured that danger was over, she was restricted to the usual visiting days. It was a bright afternoon, and she was nearing the hospital buildings; in her basket were some grapes, and her heart beat fast at the prospect of seeing him up again. The bell tolled out its story as she passed through the porch—the

story that she was a widow, and her children fatherless.

At this stage of her reverie she let fall the crape and sighed deeply. "The world's full of sighs," said an eight-year old boy to his mother that evening. Had his soul heard the sigh of this old woman? There were other things in the box, old and apparently valueless, but their owner would have been impoverished by their loss. The next morning, quite early, Bedlin moved her; and the move completed, she turned the key on the muddle and went out to earn her coppers by minding Mrs. Briggs' baby. She would "tidy up" after her day's work. The baby was fretful; he was teething, and indulged in shrill shrieks. The old woman pacified him as best she could, but she was weary and weak. A hazy idea came to her that it would be pleasant to be rocked to sleep in the cradle by some one strong and tender; but who cared for her enough to soothe her so? It was true she had rocked the cradle for six of her own, but that did not entitle her to be cradled or rocked by one of the six. The day's work for wage was ended, and Mrs. Briggs paid her the small silver coin, and she shuffled "home." The sixpence lay in her leathery palm. It was a cold-looking coin. No bright fires were reflected in it for her; no warm and substantial meals. Yet she would not have lost it; it was the bridge to Laura's.

By the aid of a piece of candle she commenced to get straight. It would take some time, for she could travel but slowly. She knelt down before the grate, untied an old handkerchief and took out the pieces of coal and cinder which had caused her so many stoops. Eight sticks and fuel in proportion were laid, and a fire kindled on the broken hearth. Its flickering flames lit up the sordid poverty and shone on the starved face of the old woman.

In the kitchen below supper was cooking for the cobbler and his family; it was savoury, but she rose from her kneeling position and shut the door. It was supper-time, too, in the respective homes of her sons and daughters, nor was supper wanting in any. True with some the meal was a slender affair,

nevertheless it was a meal. Laura's table steamed with steak and fried potatoes; the mechanic was a man of regular work and appetite, who would as soon have gone without his supper as without his beer—an impossible abstinence with him.

The cobbler's new lodger next pro-

ceeded to get together a shake-down on the iron bedstead. Bed-clothes belonged to the past and the bed of "other days." The bed-making accomplished, she looked at the window bare of blind or curtain, and stretched across the lower panes on two bent nails an old newspaper. There was one comfortable



"'I'VE COME AT LAST, MOTHER,' HE SAID."

chair in the room—a low worn rush rocking-chair, a very phonograph of a chair which had heard a thousand lullabies and kept them all. The old woman's broom was bald, and the room badly required sweeping; so she fastened a rag round the head and dragged it over the floor. Several times she let the broom-handle fall from her unsure grasp; she was wretchedly feeble and nervous. Half gasping she sat down on the bedstead, as the sweeping task was done. After a time she recovered herself a little and hobbled to a corner where lay her pouch, opened it, and took out one shilling in silver and the sixpence earned that day. These coins she placed on the chimney shelf. Again she dived into her bag, and after routing about for half a minute found a small paper parcel. Apparently satisfied, she returned the pouch to the corner, and at that moment the sinking candle flickered its last, and darkness, save for the few red cinders, succeeded. Meekly

the old woman submitted to the inevitable, and lay down on her rag-bag bed. There was no attempt at undressing; her day clothes and night-clothes were the same, and constituted also her bed-clothes. The night wore to morning, and the morning to night again, when a man strode up the steep stairs and knocked at her door. Receiving no answer, he turned the handle and walked in.

"I've come at last, mother," he said in a hale and hearty voice, "I meant to have come here a week back."

But an angel had been before him. The old woman was dead.

Clasped in the stiffened fingers her son found the packet she had withdrawn from the old pouch. It contained the money for her coffin; she would not "burden her children," so ran the pencilled scrawl in which the money was wrapped, and over which her hand had closed every night for ten hard years.



The Oyster Beds of Cancale

WRITTEN BY GILDA BROOK. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ABOUT nine miles from St. Malo is the primitive little Breton town of Cancale, famous as the centre of one of the most flourishing and important industries of the north-west coast of France.

The French nation, perhaps more than any other, attaches a due importance to gastronomy, therefore it is not surprising if the attractions of certain places are summed up according to their merits in this particular.

Ask a Frenchman his impressions of Mont St. Michel, and he will ignore, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders, the physical and architectural beauties of that well-known spot, and descant on his pleasurable recollections of the "omelette of Poulard Aîné" and the "oysters of Cancale" which figured on the menu of that famous hostelry.

Cancale itself, apart from the merits of its far-famed oyster-beds, is a delightful spot and well worth a visit. To artists and lovers of the picturesque, the lovely bay with the groups of fantastic rocks in the fore ground, its blue waters sparkling in the sunshine, and its fleet of gay little fishing-boats, is always full of charm.

At low tide, when the "parcs" are visible on the wide expanse of sand, and the groups of fisher-folk troop up from the shore as the tide comes in, or seen by moonlight when the whole landscape is bathed in silvery light, with the lighthouse on the rocky headland thrown into strong relief, and the twinkling lights in the harbour mirrored in the peaceful water, it is one of those vivid pictures which lingers in the memory.

The old town of Cancale, formerly called Cancaven ("the mountain on the

river" as its name implied), was situated near the site of the ancient city of Perspican, which was engulfed by a tidal wave in the year 709, together with the old town of Dol which stood on the fertile plains near the sea shore. The vast forest of Scissy, which lay between Dol and St. Malo, was submerged at the same period and the whole configuration of the country entirely transformed.

A remarkably high tide in 1888 swept away tons of sand and *débris* and has since disclosed a large portion of this submarine forest, in which the formation of carboniferous strata can be clearly traced, presenting a most interesting spectacle to geologists and others.

Warned by the terrible experience of the past, and in dread of being overtaken by a similar calamity, the second town was built on the hill.

The present town is, however, divided into two distinct portions. The town, proper, with the church and public buildings, is built on a high plateau commanding a lovely view of the bay.

Far away in the distance the rock of Mont St. Michel, crowned with its spires and turrets, rises out of the sea; to the right the long line of coast curves outward to Avranches and Granville. On the other side Mont Dol, that strange eminence with its church and windmill, a landmark for many a mile, rises abruptly out of the wide expanse of flat plains and marshes reclaimed from the sea.

The most important division of the town is that portion known as "La Houle" — the Harbour—where the narrow street runs precipitously down to the sea. Here, in the curve of the bay, close to the shore, are clustered the

fishermen's cottages, where the large population who are engaged in the oyster fishery live and thrive.

A fine-looking race they are, these Breton fisher-folk—men of stalwart figure, with bronzed open countenances; matrons, with finely chiselled features and grand calm faces; and the pretty Cancale fisher-maidens, with their coquettish little fluted caps, their rich complexions and their dark hair dressed in crisp close "waves," as only a Cancalaise can dress it, in imitation of the "waves of the sea."

the shore is composed of grey, chalky mud and sand of a sticky consistency which makes walking a matter of considerable difficulty.

The hostess of the hotel offered me the use of a pair of *sabots*, but of such amazing dimensions that I was afraid to attempt to walk in them, lest I might overbalance or a sprained ankle be the only result of my struggles to retain my equilibrium, so I declined the kindly offer. Many of the fisherwomen wear high boots reaching above the knee when working in the "parcs"; these



THE OYSTER BEDS OF CANCALE

I shall never forget the picture they made as I sat in the verandah of the Hôtel de France and watched them trooping up from the shore; the free grace of their movements, the delightful bits of "colour," the grouping of the lines of picturesque figures against the background of blue sea and sky, made a succession of studies to delight the eye of an artist at every turn.

The great feature of interest in Cancale is of course the oyster-beds, or "parcs," as they are called.

These can only be seen at low tide, and not without some inconvenience, for

become quite white by contact with the limy substance of the shore, and it gives a somewhat grotesque air to their costume.

The oyster is ubiquitous at Cancale, even the beach is almost entirely composed of oyster-shells. Many of them, by exposure to the wind and waves, are worn away until nothing remains but the mother-of-pearl lining; and the dazzling brightness of these countless shells scattered on the shore must be seen to be believed. Numbers of the shells show a small round hole as if bored by a sharp instrument near the hinge of the

bivalve. This is caused by the "dog-whelk," the oyster's most bitter enemy.

One characteristic of the Cancale oysters is their remarkably thick shell, which enables them to retain a considerable quantity of water and is believed to account for their fine flavour and highly nourished condition.

The "parcs," where the oysters are fattened, cover an area of 430 acres and stretch right across the bay.

The accompanying photographs only give a limited view of their extent, showing the beds nearest the shore, but they will serve to give some idea of what an oyster "parc" is like.

At low tide the people may be seen a mile out, working amongst the beds at the entrance to the bay.

The oyster-beds are formed by double rows of stakes driven into the shore. These palisades serve a double purpose, in defining the limits of the different concessions and acting as a protection against the high tides which occur at certain seasons.

The owners of the "parcs" are called "patrons" and they employ a large number of people on their concessions.

It is principally the women of the place who are engaged in the work, which consists in sorting out the oysters in the various beds, collecting those that are fit for the table, and assisting to load the large vessels which convey them to distant ports or to the Paris market. The men of Cancale, except during the time of the annual dredging for oysters in the early spring, are mostly engaged in fishing.

The great event of the year is the oyster fishery, which takes place during the last fortnight in April, when the entire fishing-fleet goes out to the entrance of the bay, to dredge for oysters, with which to stock the beds for the ensuing season.

It is made the occasion for a general holiday, the whole town is *en fête*, and visitors come from far and near to see *la caravane* start for the fishing-ground.

The little fleet of 800 vessels is quite an imposing sight, as it lies in the harbour awaiting the signal for the start. The two flag-staffs, situated, one on the

rock called "La Fenêtre," opposite the lighthouse, the other on the summit named "Le Calvaire," are anxiously watched by the crowds assembled on the shore.

Suddenly, the Government vessel which accompanies the fleet, fires a salute, at the same moment the tri-colour is run up and floats in the breeze, and, as if by magic, every sail is hoisted, and the boats like white-winged birds skim over the waves towards the entrance of the bay.

On arrival at the selected spot, the drags are thrown in, and the dredging commences.

The oysters are dragged from the natural beds amongst the rocks and emptied into the boats, those which are not of the right dimensions being thrown back into the sea.

Mature oysters, when dredged, are laid in the "parcs" to produce spat; but at Cancale it is chiefly the young oysters, about half-an-inch in diameter, which are placed in the "parcs," in shallow water, to fatten for the coming season.

The growth of oysters is most rapid during the first three years of their existence, at the rate of an inch a year, after which they increase slowly in diameter.

Oysters are said to have been known to attain the age of twenty-five years, but at such a "tough old age" they would scarcely be esteemed as delicacies of the table. More frequently the life of an oyster is limited to about seven years.

The oyster-dredging lasts about seven to eight hours, according to the state of the tide.

At the appointed time a couple of salutes are fired, and the "red and white" flag is hoisted on the summit of "Le Calvaire" as a signal that the fishing is ended.

The fishing-boats, accompanied by the Government vessel and four smaller official boats, set sail for the harbour and enter the port amidst the rejoicings of the people. The drags are at once placed under lock and key by the officials, in order to prevent any contraband trade being carried on before the commencement of the next season, and then the work of unloading the boats begins.

The scene on the shore after the



THE LITTLE FLEET OF 800 VESSELS

return of the boats is most animated, a perfect cloud of women and children, in their picturesque white caps, covers the beach from end to end. The oysters are gathered into heaps, and each patron marks his lot with a board, on which is registered the name and number of his boat.

The women are then allowed to glean the forgotten oysters which lie on the shore, and reap a considerable profit from the numbers which they collect in this manner.

The work of sorting the oysters and placing them in the beds occupies a considerable period of time, and the constant stooping and standing for hours in the wet, sticky sand, exposed to all weathers, must be a very laborious occupation; but it cannot be unhealthy, judging by the appearance of the people, for I never saw more hale and hearty specimens than these Breton fisherwomen: with their rich colour and fine physique. Many of the workers were over sixty years of age, and looked good for many a year to come.

The Cancalaise women, in spite of their coquettish appearance, are modest to a degree, and have such an objection

to being photographed, that I found it impossible to obtain a picture of one of them in their characteristic head-dress.

Cancale, like many other Breton villages, is during the summer season a happy hunting-ground for artists, and perhaps the Cancalaise maidens are weary of posing. The picture now hanging in the Musée de Luxembourg in Paris, by the celebrated French artist Feytaud, "The Return from the Oyster Fishery at Cancale," is a very faithful representation of the scene.

The oysters of Cancale, though small, are delicious in flavour, and when you are fortunate enough to enjoy them on the spot you can have quantity as well as quality. I recollect the feeling of astonishment I experienced, both at Cancale itself and at Mont St. Michel, at the generous and apparently unlimited supply of oysters provided at the *dejeuner*. Truly it was a feast for the gods!

Roughly speaking, it is estimated that the oyster industry of the world is centred in France and in the United States in comparison to the quantity sent to the market by other countries.

In France, alone, it is calculated that

upwards of 29,000 men, women, and children are employed on the oyster-beds, and "parcs," or preserves; as many as 300 millions of oysters are dredged annually, and over 680 millions find their way into the markets.

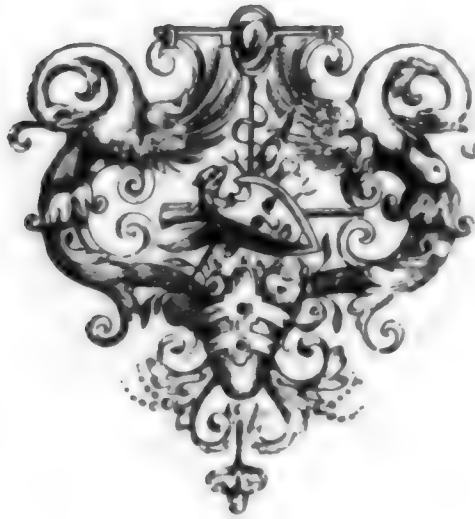
The system followed at Cancale of laying dredged oysters in "parcs" to fatten for the season has been in vogue since the sixteenth century. The natural beds at the entrance to the bay, being under Government control, the fishing is regulated to its proper limits, and there is consequently no fear of the beds becoming exhausted by over-dredging, which has been the case to a lamentable extent in our own country.

The "parcs" on the shore are carefully prepared by spreading sand, gravel,

or shells over the muddy bottom: mud being fatal to the growth and development of the oyster. Some of the beds only communicate with the sea during the spring tides, at other seasons the supply of water is regulated at the discretion of the owners.

At Marennes and Tremblade, where oysters are cultivated to a considerable extent, they obtain a certain food which gives the green colour so highly esteemed by Parisian epicures, but the oysters of Cancale can hold their own against any, and for delicate flavour they are hard to beat.

From September till April—or, as we say, as long as there is the letter "r" in the month—the oyster is in season, but at Cancale it is obtainable up till the third week in May.



Harnessing the Nile

WRITTEN BY HERBERT C. FYFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Nile has been called, with reason, the most famous river in all the world — “famous, through all the ages, for the civilisation that has existed on its banks; famous for its mystic fabulous rise, about which so many sages and philosophers have pondered; famous for its length, traversing one-fifth the distance from pole to pole; famous, and apparently destined to be famous, for the political combinations that ever centre around it.”

The Nile has been the theme of many pens, and some explanation is required for the present article. Let it be said, then, that its object is to draw attention to those two great engineering feats which will sooner or later be brought to a successful conclusion—the building of the great Barrage and the utilisation of the cataracts for the supply of power.

Before dealing, however, with these works, a word or two may be said as to the Nile itself. The rise of the mighty river, for long a mystery, has now been solved, and we now know that its true source is in the many rivers which feed the Victoria Nyanza—that great inland sea, in extent only less than the American Lake Superior. The whole distance by river from the Victoria Nyanza to the sea is about 3,500 miles. This, perhaps, conveys but little to the reader's mind; but here is a comparison, made by Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, which will give some idea of the Nile's great length. “If we could suppose,” he said, “a river crossing our English Channel, and that the Thames should find its way out in the Euphrates or Persian Gulf, that river would be about as long as the Nile.”

The unique position of this river is due

to the benefit it confers on Egypt in turning it from a desert into the richest of agricultural lands. As Herodotus truly said, Egypt is the gift of the Nile.

“The river more than supplies,” says Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, “the absence of rain; and this it does, first, by the extraordinary regularity with which it rises and falls; and, secondly, by the fertilising matter which the waters carry in suspension, and bestow upon the land. Imagine what it would be to the English farmer if he knew exactly when it would rain, and when it would be sunshine. When the Irrigation Department of Egypt is properly administered, the Egyptian farmer possesses this certainty, and he has the further advantage, that it is not merely water that is poured over his lands, but, during nearly half the year, water charged with the finest manure.”

In average years the height of the flood at Assouan is about twenty-five and a-half feet above the minimum supply. If it rises twenty-nine feet above the minimum, it means peril to the whole of Egypt. If the river only rises twenty feet above the minimum, it means that whole tracts of the valley will never be submerged.

But such a poor flood has happened but once in modern times (in 1877), and the result was acknowledged to be more serious than the devastation caused by the most violent excess.

Until this century, the irrigation of Egypt only employed the flood-water of the river; but when the country fell under the rule of Muhammed Ali, a change was made, and the first great Barrage was constructed about twelve miles north of Cairo. Across the heads of these two branches were built two

stone bridges, one of seventy-one, the other of sixty-one arches, and these were fitted with gates, by the lowering of which all the water would be dammed up and diverted into three great trunk canals, taken out of the river just above these bridges. The works were commenced in 1843, and Mougél Bey, a French engineer, was entrusted with their carrying out. The opening of the Barrage took place in 1861; but it was soon found that the execution of the plans had been feebly done. It was intended to hold up fourteen feet of water; but at first five, and finally three feet was all that was held up. In 1883, all hope of making anything out of the Barrage was abandoned, and it was reckoned a failure. In the same year, Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff was placed in charge of the Irrigation Department, and a brighter era seemed to be in sight.

The Barrage was thoroughly overhauled, and what had been looked upon as unsound was made sound. In June, 1890, the task was finished, and the result was that thirteen feet of water was held up every year. The whole of the work cost about £800,000, and the annual increase of the cotton crop, compared to what it was before 1884, is never less than two and a-half millions sterling.

Now that Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff and his staff of able engineers had utilised the water in the river flowing past, their attention was turned to the storage of the surplus water.

Without some such storage it is impossible to increase the cultivation during the Low Nile, for all the water is used up. During High Nile there is always a great volume escaping useless to the sea.

At last a scheme for a great Barrage in upper Egypt was brought forward; but for a long time nothing could be done in the way of its fulfilment, owing to the fact that it would necessitate the drowning of the island of Philæ for about six months every year.

But at last (as will be explained later) an arrangement which satisfied almost everybody was made, and, as a consequence, the second Nile Barrage is now being constructed.

During the past year a new era in the history of the Nile dawned. The splendid victory of Lord Kitchener at Omdurman has secured for Egypt—and for Great Britain—the great Soudan, a territory the value of which, from an agricultural and industrial point of view, is incontestable.

Mr. Chamberlain said the other day to an interviewer, "Young man, you will live to see the time when a railroad will be built through Africa to the Great Transvaal and the Cape."

At the present day this problematical railway is completed from Cairo to Berber in the north, and from Cape Town to Bulawayo in the south.

It has been prophesied that in 1902 the northern railroad will have reached Fashoda, while the southern will be completed up to Lake Tanganyika; while more daring prophets aver that somewhere between 1915 and 1925 the Cape to Cairo line will be an accomplished fact. It is more difficult to say when the Lake Victoria to Fashoda line will be completed, because part of the territory is in the domain of the Congo Free State. King Leopold of Belgium is, however, known to be in favour of developing his Congo possessions; he is working entirely in accord with England's plans, and there is no reason to suspect that he will place any obstruction to plans that will lead to the development and civilisation of the Dark Continent.

It may be interesting to add that the journey from Cape Town to Cairo (6,300 miles) can even now be accomplished in eighty-one days. In 1905 the time required will probably be but forty-three days, by the following stages: Cape Town to Lake Tanganyika, by rail, six days; Tanganyika, south end to north, by steamer, three days; north end of Tanganyika to Lake Albert, by road and steamer, fifteen days; Khartoum to Cairo, by rail and steamer, four days.

The future of Africa is too huge a subject for a short magazine article, and it will be necessary therefore to confine our attention to Egypt and the Soudan. There is a very famous aphorism, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The re-conquest

of the Soudan has already been the subject of numerous eulogies, and the glories of Atbara and Omdurman sung by many a poet. Small need is there then to dwell longer on this side of the picture. The reverse, though doubtless not so full of romance and stirring incident, yet merits some brier description.

Quietly and continuously a work is going on in Egypt which will have a powerful influence on the future pros-

The value of these works to Egypt commercially cannot yet be estimated, for it will, of course, be some years yet before they are completed.

Yet it may be interesting to offer a few remarks on these great engineering feats, which will be among the first to be completed in the twentieth century.

In order to collect materials it was necessary to obtain the interest and co-operation of Sir Benjamin Baker and Professor George Forbes, and I would



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ—THE COLONNADES

perity of the country. The story of the great Nile dam has been put in the shade by the gallant deeds of our soldier heroes, yet the civil engineer deserves praise for what he is accomplishing quite as much as does his military brother, for it is he who is building the Barrage which shall store the waters of the Nile, and who has evolved a scheme whereby the cataracts will be utilised for the generation of electricity.

tender to these eminent authorities my thanks for the information they have placed at my disposal.

For the next five years or so Sir Benjamin Baker and the firm of John Aird & Co will be engaged in constructing a huge dam across the Nile below the temples of Philæ, at Assouan, the first cataract, which will be capable of holding in reserve for the purposes of irrigation 1,065,000,000 cubic tons of

water, and will discharge through its sluices the flood waters of a river a mile wide and thirty feet deep. At times the river will be dammed back to a height of about sixty-six feet above its present level and for a distance of 144 miles above the dam the quantity of water impounded will be more than 1,000,000,000 tons.

The length of the dam will be some six thousand feet, and it will be built over the partially submerged chain of islands at Assouan, a carriage road being driven from bank to bank over its width.

Its height above the lower level of the water will be 106 metres, and in order to give a passage to the Nile steamers, boats, dahabôyas, etc., a canal with a chain of six or seven locks will be constructed. Besides the great dam and reservoir at Assouan, Sir Benjamin Baker is going to dam the Nile at two other points—at Assiout, 330 miles lower

down the river, and at another spot still another 230 miles down, and near Cairo. These subsidiary dams will enable stored-up water to be thrown into the existing canals at a sufficiently high level to irrigate the lands.

What is this great dam going to do for Egypt? The engineer to the Egyptian Government calculates that its immediate effect will be to bring another 600,000 acres of land into cultivation; to convert the present cultivated area of 5,000,000 acres into land of the first efficiency in crop-producing qualities, and to put certain districts and levels beyond reach of the dangers of flood and drought.

The value of the summer crop will be increased over the whole area to the extent of about £6 per acre. In the autumn months the sluice-gates will be closed, until the reservoir thus formed is full and ready to be distri-



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ FROM THE EAST BANK

buted over the fields by innumerable channels.

The water is most wanted for the corn, sugar, cotton and rice in the months of August and April, and at these times the gates will be partly opened, and the supply in the river at those periods, at its lowest level, complemented.

When it is stated that many of the more important summer crops in Egypt are incapable of standing a ten days' drought, it will at once be seen how vastly important are these storage schemes.

In summer, the reservoir will extend as far above Assouan as Ibrim—a length of 140 miles—and the water stored will be sufficient for the requirements of Upper, Middle, and Lower Egypt.

In December and January, when the Nile is discharging two thousand cubic tons of water every second, the sluices will one by one be lowered. With the coming of May some of the sluices will be opened and the discharge of the Nile gradually increased as the dry season advances.

The dam and locks will everywhere be founded on granite rock, while the mass of the work will consist of granite rubble laid in what is known as hydraulic mortar. Every part of the great reservoir will be as strong as man can make it.

One of our illustrations shows the island of Philæ, which has figured very largely in the controversies that have woven themselves around the many schemes and suggestions for the Nile dam.

About 250 B.C. Ptolemy II built a temple to Isis on the site of older buildings long disappeared on the isle of Philæ. Round this temple other buildings clustered, built by Greeks and Romans.

The group of venerable buildings, standing amidst palm trees on the rocky island, their graceful beauties reflected in the waters below, will be a familiar picture in the mind of every tourist who has ascended the Nile as far as the first cataract.

When it was proposed to store the waters by a great dam there was an outburst of rage and indignation from archæologists, scholars, artists, and

others, who shuddered at the idea of Philæ and its temples being drowned for about six months every year, as they were certain it would be if the reservoirs were ever constructed.

Common-sense people, while regretting this submersion, replied that the place belonged to Egypt, not to England; that the Egyptian who was to gain so much by the dam cared not a damn about Ptolemy and his temples and that he was prepared to pay a large price for a great work of inestimable benefit to his country. "No," retorted the archæologists, "Philæ must not be drowned." "It was," said Sir Benjamin Baker, "as if the London County Council had devised some easily-executed plan for clearing the Thames of sewage, annihilating the London fogs, solving the problem of agricultural depression, though it included, say, the destruction of some famous spot, like Tintern Abbey. Was the cry of 'Vandal' to put an end to it?"

Finally, the controversy has been concluded. Sir Benjamin Baker will not have to raise Philæ, because it has been arranged to lower the elevation of the water in the dam, so that the bases of the temples will be above water level.

Our photograph of the first cataract will give to him who has never had the good fortune to see it an idea of the first cataract on the Nile at Assouan.

All the cataracts that obstruct the course of the Nile are really little more than a succession of rapids, whirlpools, and eddies, caused by rocks and islets. During the High Nile all but the highest rocks are covered with water, and thus it is possible for boats to sail up against the stream; but when the river lowers and becomes divided into numerous narrow channels, rapids and falls are produced, so that tow-ropes, punt-poles, and scores of human beings are required to get the boat up them.

The plan of the Assouan cataract will give some idea of the great length of the Nile dam. After the reservoir is full most of the rocks and islands will be submerged, though Philæ and a few more will be like little islets in a great lake. It is not possible here to discuss the various alternative schemes. It is



LOOKING TOWARDS FIRST CATARACT FROM PHILÆ

enough to say that the best has been chosen, and that, when completed, it will be an eighth wonder of the world.

It now remains to briefly touch on the utilisation of the Nile cataracts for the generation of electricity.

Excepting a few very rude wooden wheels in the Fayûm, there is no instance, through all the annals of the past, of a single water-wheel ever turned by the power of the Nile. The power exists to an almost unlimited extent, but up till now the cataracts have been put to no useful purpose. Now all this is changed, and in a very short time the first cataract will be made to supply electricity for the surrounding districts. Professor George Forbes has drawn up the plans, and he believes that before very long all the cataracts will be "harnessed," thus enabling the inhabitants of Egypt to

draw wealth from the chain of barren cataracts.

As some one has remarked, this is probably the first time in history that the cataracts have been spoken of as an advantage to anybody except the Dervishes, who do not want the British and Egyptians to get up stream too quickly.

Coal is dear in Upper Egypt, owing to the expenses of transport from Alexandria, and thus it is not extensively used.

To obtain power from the cataracts, however, no coal is required, and the electricity which the falls will generate will be available all the year round for working railways, cotton-spinning mills, sugar factories, irrigation machines, and a host of other useful purposes.

"Considering," says Mr Garstin, the Egyptian Under Secretary of State for

Public Works, "that the fall of the river between Hannek and Wady Halfa is some eighty metres, and that in the fourth cataract south of Merawi there is a further fall of forty-nine metres, it requires little technical knowledge to understand the possibilities in the future for the development of the country with such a magnificent source of power lying, so to speak, at hand."

The industrial development of the Soudan is now only a matter of time, and when all questions as to the rights of France and England in Egypt have been settled, a vast amount of money will be poured into the country. Already an enthusiastic Frenchman has set off with some motor-cars to see if there is not an opening for that industry, and before long a great amount of enterprise will be directed here to useful purposes.

Towns and cities will quickly spring

up, rivalling Johannesburg and others of mushroom growth. On the ruined edifices of Khartoum and Omdurman new buildings will arise, and the next century will rise on such an activity as, a few years ago, would hardly have been considered possible.

We have been told lately that the wheat supply of the world will fail to provide for human needs in some forty or fifty years' time, but the statisticians had not taken into account the immense resources of the country watered by the Nile.

Even now, with no dam to husband its resources, the rising of the river renders two, and sometimes three, crops a year possible.

When the Barrage has been completed and the cataracts have been harnessed, the Soudan must play an important part in the wheat supply of the world.





ILLUSTRATED BY MONTAGU BARSTOW



It was a foggy evening in November, and the infrequent lamps with their flickering yellow light served but to heighten the prevailing gloom. A figure shuffled by the constable who, standing near a lamp post, was commiserating his hard luck in being on night duty, and he stared with a lurking suspicion at the fast disappearing form. Something in the furtive, backward glance, in the hunched up shoulders and the dragging footsteps of the passer-by roused into energy the henchman of the law, and with long strides he hurried after his quarry. Having overtaken the fugitive, who had quickened his steps into a half-run, he laid his hand on his arm and asked, not unkindly,

"What's your business — where are you going, eh?"

"It's all right, Constable! I'm none of *your* meat just now," said the man in a hoarse voice as he shook himself free; "I'm going to see a pal of mine!"

"None of your lip, your pals don't live in this part; you'd better come along with me" said the policeman.

"I tell yer it's all right; I'm going

to see Parson Daffen what works round our way; he's a particular friend of mine."

Still loath to believe, the constable walked on beside him, and together they waited outside a large house in Finsbury Square. The door was opened by a trim maid, who seemed to know the stranger.

"Is the Parson in, Mary?" the tramp asked, and, to the utter astonishment of his companion, was at once admitted and the door closed.

"Well I'm glad I was wrong anyway," he muttered as he tramped once more on his beat; "it ain't often, that's certain."

On tip-toe, nervously twisting his ragged hat in his hands, Parson Daffen's pal went up the broad, softly carpeted staircase and rapped nervously at a door on the landing.

"Come in," shouted a pleasant voice, and with an odd fluttering at his heart, which he had never felt in the dock, he entered the room.

A man of middle height was standing with his back to the door writing at a high desk. The long soutane that he wore, shabby as it was, seemed to his admirer standing silent in the doorway

a king's robe, and he hardly dared to speak. Turning round sharply Daffen faced his visitor, and his face brightened with a glad smile:—

"Why, it's Jem Forrest," he exclaimed, stretching out his hand. "What's brought you round here to-night?"

"I came through to tell you, Parson, that there's a poor devil dying o' want and misery in our crib; he's got what we calls the 'attic,' and I know he paid for it a month ahead so as to have a place of his own, but he ain't got nothing else. I told 'im as how I'd fetch a pal o' mine — no offence Parson — an' it quite pecked 'im up when I told 'im of yer."

But his words were spoken to heedless ears, for at the words "want and misery" Daffen seized his hat and began to rummage in his cupboards. Having found what he wanted, he turned to his companion:

"Now, Jem, let's be off; I've known what it is to be clemmed myself, so don't let's waste time."

"I wonder, Parson, what's made you so different to the other chaps I've come acrost," said Jem as they hurried through the murky streets; "somehow you gives a bloke a kinder feeling that 'e ain't quite so bad as 'e knows hisself to be. Why is it?"

Daffen smiled; a smile born of past suffering. "Well, Jem, perhaps it's because I've been a great blackguard myself; yes! it's true, my friend, and so I feel for my fellow-men. When I meet and talk with a brother-clergyman it seems to me that I am like a weather-beaten barge lying alongside a trim-built yacht just fresh from the dockyard."

"An' a darned sight more seaworthy," muttered the man at his side.

Through narrow, poverty-stricken streets they hurried, streets where the huge public-house was the only flourishing business, and finally turned down a dark and narrow alley not five feet broad. A low whistle from the darkness provoked an answering call from Jem; and holding his guide's arm Daffen stumbled along over the ill-paved causeway. Then, by the light of a single lamp which hung out over a doorway

they read, "Lodgings for single men," and Jem said:

"Here we are, Parson! follow me close, keep your eyes to yerself, for mind, I've gone bail for yer!"

Suppressing a shudder Daffen followed up some steps and then into a narrow hall and again up flight after flight of stairs, whilst the sickening choking "tenement" smell seemed to pervade the whole place. At length they stopped before a low door, and opening it Jem stooped and went in.

"Mind yer head, sir," he whispered; "it's precious low."

By the light of a dip, flaring unheeded in a bottle-neck, Daffen saw the object of his search lying on a heap of rags on the floor, without blankets and almost lifeless. He was a man of early middle age, with the seal of famine written large upon his face, whilst his short panting breathing and the expanding nostrils all betokened early dissolution.

To open his bag and to drag out a bottle of wine was but the work of a minute, and under the cheering, warming, influence of the cordial the dying man opened his eyes.

"I'm exceedingly obliged to you, Padre," he gasped, noticing the soutane his visitor wore, "but you've come too late. Thank God, my troubles will soon be over."

"I wouldn't say that, my poor fellow," said Daffen.

"Why not? I've been tried enough, and that I'm here is proof of what I have been through."

His voice was that of an educated man, and Daffen had seen too many go under not to feel sure some mystery was at the bottom of his present plight.

"Jem there has told me what a friend you have been to him and how he owes it to you that he is honest now," continued the weak voice, "and, Padre, I'd like to hear one human being say 'Well done' before I die; it's a pitiful weakness, but"—he shuddered as he felt his rags—"my God, how I have suffered!"

"Prop me up, Jem, my lad. You won't mind the state I'm in. No, no! Padre, don't you! I'm not fit for you to touch. Ah! how you make me feel a man once more," he added as Daffen

crouched beside him and held his wasted form against his own strong breast. Then he told his story whilst at times his auditors had to strain their ears to catch the faintly spoken word, whilst now and again his speech would be firm and full.

"I won't tell you my name," he began, "for it would add nothing to your knowledge, but I used to be one of the most venturesome of explorers. Having inherited a large fortune from my father, I was able to fit out expeditions and to map out several hitherto unexplored regions, and have on several occasions received the thanks of the Geographical Society. I was never happy unless roaming through strange lands, and the restraints of civilisation were intolerable to me; perhaps, who knows, that is why I have borne this," waving his hand round, "so long. At a country house, during one of my brief visits home I met the woman for whose possession I was to undergo such hardships, and I wooed her with all the energy and passion that I had in those days. All was arranged between us when, like a bolt from the blue, came the stern refusal from Miss Anson's father to ever give his consent whilst I was a wanderer on the face of the world. I argued and urged, but to no avail, until one day, when I had almost agreed to settle down, I received a most flattering letter from the directors of a great Atlantic Corporation. 'Would I go,' they asked, 'to the Yukon district and see if there was any truth in the vague reports of its being auriferous.' The 'wander-lust' was on me again, and in spite of love and in spite of entreaties I decided to accept the offer. Mr. Anson made us promise not to correspond until my final return, and to these hard terms I had perforce to agree, although I inwardly chafed and fumed, as you may imagine. My objective was Vancouver, and that city I reached just four weeks after leaving England, and at once plunged into the task of engaging guides and half-breeds for my expedition. Although amply equipped with money, the task proved tedious in the extreme, and I was heartily glad when it was over and I was free to start. More to kill time than from the love of the game I went into the only billiard-room the place

boasted and began knocking the balls about.

"'Say, Mister, I'll take you on,' exclaimed a voice behind me making me start, and I turned quickly round. Probably never were two men more surprised than we were, for in each other we recognised our own features—in fact we might have been twin brothers. We got chatting, and Askwith, for such was his name, told me how he had drifted to Vancouver a hopeless, penniless man, dependent on chance work for a livelihood.

"Like the besotted fool I was, I at once offered to take him as my companion, and really I was glad of his company, for he was amusing and fairly well read. No sinister thought ever came into my head, and full of myself, I have no doubt I told him far too much of my affairs on that fatal journey.

"We had left civilisation far behind, and had found on all sides signs of rich alluvial gold, when Nemesis overtook me. I was leaning over an improvised cradle, washing some gold-bearing sand, away from my party, when instinct made me turn my head, and to my horror I saw my companion covering me with a revolver. Before I had time to cry out or move I heard the report, and have not the least remembrance of the events of the next seven years

"I felt a sickly taste in my mouth and a ringing in my ears, and I seemed to be coming through space to earth at a tremendous speed; then I opened my eyes and beheld a crowd of men standing round my bed, with a keen-looking elderly man holding my hand.

"'Where am I?' I found words to ask.

"'You're all right now, you've been very ill,' he said kindly; 'come along you men, we shall be able to add him now to our list of cures.' They moved away and I was left to the charge of a nurse who told me my pitiful story. It appeared that I was brought into Vancouver by some Indians, who, true to their faith, respected and cared for the hopeless imbecile I then was, and after being sent from hospital to hospital, I finally fetched up in New York, having been sent to Dr. Van Colum, the great brain specialist. When I realised what probably had happened through my long



"WHEN INSTINCT MADE ME TURN MY HEAD"

illness I tried to get at my bandages, and frantically strove to finish my useless miserable life. But I was too satisfactory a case to be allowed this last luxury of the miserable, and in eight weeks I was, by the charity of the surgeon, placed, a sane, healthy man, on a great steamship bound for Liverpool. Revenge was my sole idea, for I knew well enough that Askwith had been masquerading in my name since my supposed death, and I longed to stand face to face with him once more. I landed with but ten shillings in my pocket, five of which I decided to invest in a knife which should finally close accounts between my murderer and myself. Then day by day I

tramped through England with Brighton as my goal, for there were my estate and mansion. Night after night, shivering in the casual ward, I gloated over my revenge, whilst, footsore and weary, I day by day drew nearer and nearer to its realisation. Do you blame me, Padre?"

Daffen's eyes were shining and the strong face was stern and set, oddly at variance with the words of Christian comfort he muttered in reply. The dying man smiled as he saw the effects of his story.

"One bright morning about twelve o'clock I crept into my own park, determined to wait there until dusk and then to enter the house and stab him before

every one. I heard voices some distance away, and, whilst striving to hide myself, had tripped on the grass, when a little boy came rushing up, helter-skelter, to help me. At one glance I saw in his face that he was Gertrude Anson's boy, for her eyes shone from his and looked up at me with a frank, questioning gaze, exactly as she had done in the time that could never return.

"Away he rushed again. 'Papa, papa, come quick; there's a poor man hurted himself round behind that tree,' I heard his shrill voice call out, whilst hurrying footsteps came nearer and nearer. Grinding my teeth I rose to my feet, and with my knife concealed in my breast I waited—waited—waited!

"On they came hand in hand, skipping as though the man had not my life on his guilty soul, and then—well he didn't skip when he saw me! Still holding the child's hand, with his face growing whiter and whiter, he stood riveted to the spot unable to fly or to speak."

"'At last, Askwith,' I whispered, drawing nearer to him and watching his every movement as I did so. 'It's my turn now, send the child away, for I see by him you have robbed me of everything I hold, dear.' He hesitated, whilst, open-eyed, the child looked from one face to the other in alarm. 'Come, look sharp! I tell you your time has come. Do you want me to stab you before your own son?'

"He leaned down and whispered to the boy whilst I stood ready to spring.

"The boy looked again at me and in his childish brain the idea must have formed that I portended some evil to his father, for he said defiantly to me, standing between us the while, 'I won't go away; you're a wicked man to look like that at father.' He was only seven, and

there stood my prey waiting panic-struck for my knife-thrust, and yet I couldn't raise my hand against him. By every right of man, by every right of justice his father should have died, but somehow my revenge seemed as ashes in my mouth.

"'Tell your boy, Askwith, when he gets older, how he saved your life this day, for as I live, but for him you would have died ere now.' Then I turned and left him, standing in his park—lately mine—with his son beside him and the fear of God sinking deep into his heart, for he thinks one day I shall return. When I'm gone, Padre, you'd better send word to the address written on the back of a card in my pocket, for his life must have been a poor one these two years."

The feeble voice ceased, and for a few moments not a sound broke the silence. Then Jem muttered under his breath:

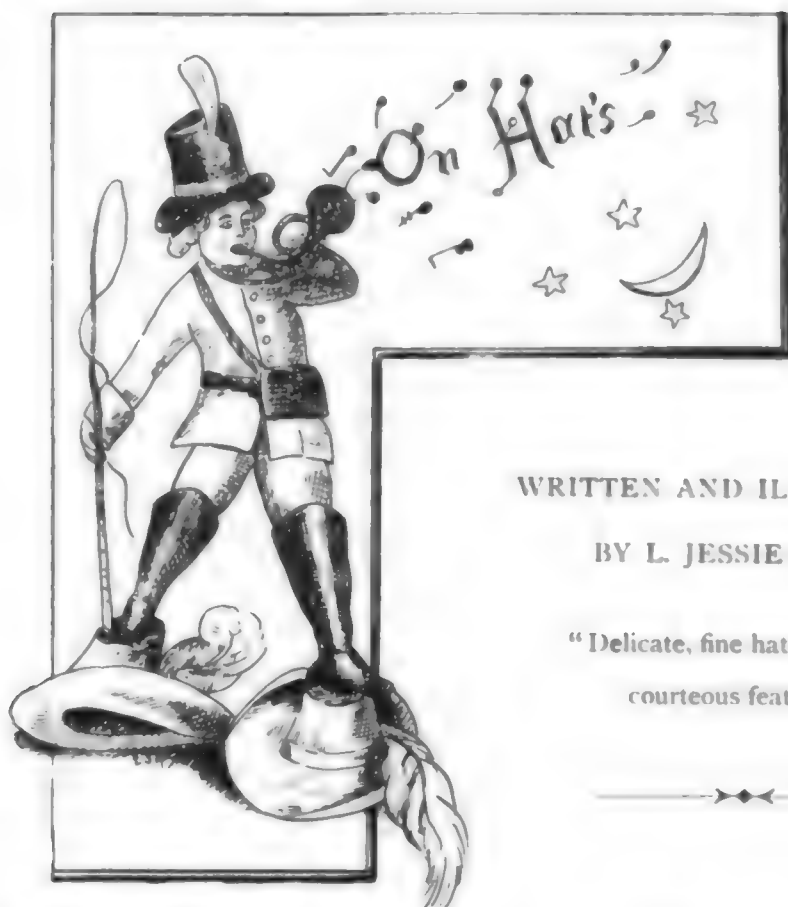
"My Gawd, I'd 'a wrung his cursed neck for 'im, that I would." Whilst Daffen, seared on whose conscience was a bitter wrong as bitterly requited, knelt beside the victim to such devilish malignity and whispered in the dying man's ear:

"I have money and a certain reputation, but, by Heaven I'd barter everything I own in the world to lie there in your place with that crime against you unrevenged and forgiven. If it is any satisfaction to you I say, 'Well done! Well done!'"

The dying man's face flushed and his eyes opened and seemed to take in every detail of the squalid scene, then looked up at the Samaritan by his side and closed for ever.

And the murderer and the Parson followed that cheap funeral in silence and parted after all was over without a word.





WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY L. JESSIE ALLEN

"Delicate, fine hats, and most
courteous feathers."

HAT, a covering for the head, derived from the Saxon word "haite"—so say the dictionaries: and this custom of covering the head seems to be as old as man himself.

Many and surprising have been the shapes and form of these head-coverings, and we are told of a tribe called Charamonten, who cut ostrich eggs in half and used them for caps. This sounds rather mythical, as either heads must have been very small, or the said eggs very large and plentiful, in those times.

A hat was essentially a covering or protection from wind and weather in its first stages of existence, and we hear of tall conical hats among the Medes and Persians, while Ethiopians wore them low in the crown and broad-brimmed, otherwise Eastern nations have no record in hats, but have wrapped their heads in turbans and folds of their mantles.

In Europe we find the ancient Greeks wore a broad-brimmed felt hat called the Petasos. They were soft and light, and

had a strap with which they could be firmly fastened to the head, or suspended round the neck when thrown back for coolness, for these hats were only used by travellers, herdsmen or hunters, who were exposed to sun or rain, both men and women wearing the same shape.

The upper classes did not wear any coverings on their heads out of doors—flowers, wreaths and ribbons adorned the hair, and a light veil or corner of the Chiton were considered a sufficient protection in case of need; while the luxurious habits of the time did not allow them to walk about during the hours of the fiercest heat.

The same customs prevailed in Rome; but here we find mention of cone-shaped felt hats that were used as a symbol of liberty, probably because they were worn by slaves on leaving the Temple after receiving their liberty from their masters.

Brutus and Cassius caused a medal to be struck after Cæsar's murder, bearing on it a hat between two swords as a symbol of the liberty the Romans had

regained at the death of a tyrant, and after Nero's death many Roman citizens wore a pointed hat as a sign of their freedom from oppression.

By Imperial times, however, hats had become much more common, and Augustus is said to have worn one frequently.

From this time a hat seems to have been regarded as a symbol of liberty; and we find, in later days, the Netherlands adopting a hat in their coat of arms, after throwing off the Spanish yoke.

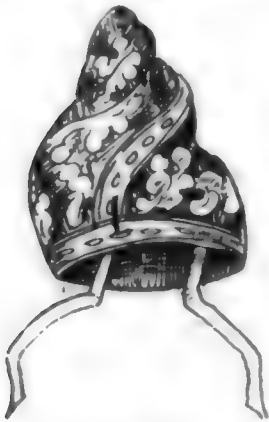
Hats are now advancing in importance; they are no longer only a head covering, but by their different forms and colours denote the rank and occupation of their wearer, or carry the badge of a political faction, or a glove as a love token.

A hat becomes a sign of dignity in the Church of Rome; and a Cardinal, on

princes and generals who had distinguished themselves in the service of the Pope and Holy Church. These hats were solemnly consecrated on Christmas Eve and then sent to the faithful son of the Church whom the Pope wished to honour. The last of these is said to have been sent by Pope Benedict XIV. to General Daun, after the battle of Hochkirch, in 1758.

Three scallop shells affixed to the broad brim of a felt hat mark the pilgrim as he journeys with staff and scrip and cloak to distant lands and shrines.

Hats have so far distinguished themselves by plainness, and are chiefly worn by men or travellers, women still wearing coifs or caps, but they soon become very gay and decorated with feathers, hat-bands and ribbons. Felt is certainly



PAGE'S HAT



CARDINAL'S HAT



FOURTEENTH CENTURY

being elected, receives the scarlet hat from the Pope. These scarlet hats were first granted to the Cardinals by Pope Innocent IV, at the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1245. This hat, with the tassels hanging from it, is also a Cardinal's coat of arms.

There is a quaint description in an old book of the hat being sent to the English Bishop Fisher. "It is sayed that the Pope for that he helde so manfully to him, and stode so stiffly in his cause, did elect him a Cardinall, and sent him the Cardinalle's Hat as far as Caley, but the heade it should stande on was as high as London Bridge or ever the hat could come to Bishop Fysher, and thus it was too late."

Another curiosity in hats were those consecrated and sent by the Pope to great

the oldest material of which hats are made, and was used in England at the time of the Conquest. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, describes a merchant as wearing "a flaundrish bever hat," while Froissart gives us some notices of hats during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., "hattes of bever and enstydes' feathers, white hats which did keep their freshness far better than blacke or rede."

Iron and steel seem curious material to make into hats, but the so-called Kettle hats worn by the foot soldiers in the Middle Ages were called so from their resemblance to a kettle turned up-side-down, and are quite distinct from the helmets.

In the fifteenth century hats had become very gorgeous, although not so very



HATS WITH JEWELS, SINGLE FEATHERS AND JEWELLED BANDS—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

large ; and Holbein's portraits and the Wardrobe accounts of Henry VIII. give us a good idea of the prevailing style. We have a description of a "chapeau montabyne with a rich coronal, the folde of the chapeau was lined with crymson saten, and on that a rich brooch with the image of St. George! And a hatte of grene velvette, embrowdered with grene silke lace, and lyned with grene sarce-nette. Item for making of three cappies of velvette, the one yalow, the other orange, and the thirde prune..."

Beaver felts were worn generally in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and held their place for nearly three centuries.

In the reign of James I. hats are elegant, and great stress is laid on jewelled hat-bands, and fine gems and even tiny mirrors are used to adorn them ; and in "Dekker's Hour Book," 1609, we find the following description :— "When your noble gallants consecrate their hours to their Mistresses and to revelling, they wear feathers chiefly in their hats, being one of the fairest ensigns of their bravery."

By the following extract from a letter of James I. to his son Prince Charles, and his favourite the Duke of Buckingham, who went with the Prince to Spain in 1623, we find that hats and their adorning were much considered—

"I send you for your wearing the 'Three Bretheren' that ye know full well, but newlie sette, and the 'Mirror of France,' the fellowe of the Portugall dyament, quiche I wolde that you weare alone in your hatte with a little blakke feather. As for thee, my

"sweet gossippe, I send thee a fair table dyament, and I have hung a faire pearle to it, for wearing in thy hatte, or quahir thou pleases. If my babie will not spare thee the anker from his mistress, he may well lend thee his round broache to weare, and yet shall he have jewels to weare in his hat for three great days."

A grave Scottish divine of 1629 tells his hearers "that they put on Christ as a man puts on his hat to take off to everyone they meet."

But it is in the reigns of the Charles's that the hat and its feathers have their great opportunity. Men and women wear their hair simply curled and parted, and wear large felt hats from which huge ostrich feathers wave triumphantly.

It is hey! for cavaliers, and ho! for cavaliers! and the great felt hats with their long feathers have as dashing and *insouciant* an air as their gay wearers, standing out in contrast to their prim Puritan rivals, and in spite of the importance of the high steeple hats, gaining an



SIXTEENTH CENTURY



CAVALIER HATS—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

easy victory by the irresistible dash imparted by the feathers to the curls flowing below.

From Pepys' Diary, in 1660, we find that velvet hats were in fashion, for he writes: "This night William brought me home my velvet coat and hat, the first that ever I had."

Ben Jonson writes: "Honour is a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times," and the military cockade has been praised in an old song.

"That hat adorns his head,
Graced and distinguished by the smart
cockade,
Conspicuous badge, that only heroes wear."

Getting nearer our own days, the hats worn at the time of the Empire have a most distinctive type, and the huge "Incroyables," as they were called, are probably as curious in shape as any hat ever worn.

Uncovering the head or raising the hat is considered an act of reverence in European countries. Hats are raised in daily salutations, or in Catholic countries to a passing funeral, at the sound of the Angelus Bell, or on passing a wayside shrine.

Hats of all kinds have received tributes of praise in verses; one in praise of white hats says:

"You ask me the reason I wear a white hat;
'Tis for lightness I wear it, what think you of that?"

So light is its weight that no headache I rue,
So light its expense that it wears me out two."

And an old song sings in praise of a beaver:

"The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn too,
The Russe with sables furs his cap
And change will not be drawn to,
The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all felts that may be felt,
Give me good English beaver."

In Ireland it is considered prudent to turn the hat from front to back in a heavy shower of rain, so that the front may become less wet, and when again turned round at the end of the shower look fresher and less wet. But another reason is given for the same proceeding, namely, that it is done in remembrance of the Deluge, a short prayer being lifted up at the beginning of rain, and the hat lifted and reversed.



EMPIRE HATS

Coming down to our own times, we find felt still the predominating head covering, and shapes change as often as in older days; and except that, perhaps, in Wales, a few of the old women still wear their high pointed-shaped hats, there is nothing distinctive left among our peasantry, the fisherman's-sou' wester being probably the only remaining hat that indicates its wearer's calling.

Costume hats still linger in parts of the Continent, and the postboy's tall oiled hat with rosette and plume is familiar to travellers who have jogged along the bye-paths of France and Germany, and the brimming straw hats the women wear while at work in the fields.

Fine beaver hats still exist among the peasants of the Black Forest, while the jaunty little felt hat with its blackcock feather is generally used among the mountaineers of South Bavaria, Austria and the Tyrol.

Except for any State occasions and in uniform, when feathers still wave aloft over the cocked hats of the military staff,

all adornments have vanished from the masculine head-gear of the day. Plain felt and sober straw form the general wear, and the silk or top hat is still with us and cannot be overlooked, and will no doubt be looked on as a curiosity in future ages.

As for our ladies' hats, they more than make up in colour and variety of style what the men have discarded from theirs, and a quotation from Stubb's "Anatomy of Abuses," written in Queen Elizabeth's reign, will as well conclude this gossip on hats as if it had been written yesterday:—

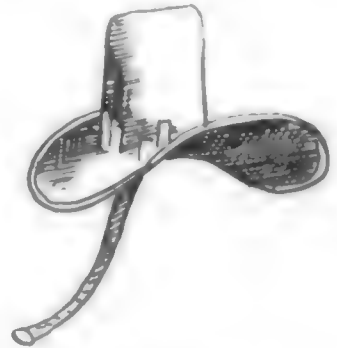
"And as the fashions be rare and strange, so is the stuff whereof their hats be made divers also: for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffettie and some of wool, and which is more curious some of a certain kind of fine haire, these they call bever hattes, of xx, xxx or xl shillings price, fetched from beyond the seas, from whence a great sort of other varietie do come besides."



IRON HAT



IRON HAT



IRON HAT—ENGLISH





MAORI CURIOSITIES

New Zealand: Town and Country

WRITTEN BY GODFREY BOSVILE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TRAVELLER once shocked a group of authors by declaring that "Places seldom resemble the descriptions which have been written about them."

When cynically asked to remedy this defect; or, as the advertisements put it, "to supply a long-felt want," he reproachfully raised his eyebrows, then laconically replied that "He did not possess the needful literary gift"—which was unfortunate!

Of course, the fact of the matter is this. Authors who can cleverly word-paint the places they visit have a marked

tendency to draw upon their imaginations. Whereas those who have not gliding pens are more inclined to impart the unadulterated truth, in a "stodgy," and rather egotistical form.

Anyhow, the chronicler of New Zealand—and elsewhere—has a difficult task to perform. More especially if the author's aim is to please "all sorts and conditions of readers." For surely to write even an article, let alone a book, on travel, and to keep in touch with Conservatives, Radicals, Travellers, Stay-at-homes, and last, though not least, members "on the Press," is an undertaking akin to clutching a mirage.

Perhaps for these sound reasons "places seldom resemble the descriptions which have been written about them."

When an up-to-date "Childe Harold" has returned home from his wanderings, a not uncommon question put to him is, "Did you meet Mr. Smith, or my cousin, Ernest Jones?"

Now, it is just possible that the "childe" actually did. In which case, the guileless questioner soliloquises, "After all, how small the world is!" Please take note of the "after all." Is it not comprehensive; and at the same time naïve?

But, whoever has been cooped-up in a sailing-vessel for more than three months, without even "sighting land," can testify that the world is not nearly so tiny as a few ill-informed people appear to imagine. From henceforth, let us err upon the safe side, and exclaim how large our planet is; in preference, at all events, to going to the opposite extreme. Yet the most pedantic person will raise no objection to anybody remarking that "Settlers in our Colonies travel about a good deal." Hence the likelihood of running across Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones!

A voyage to New Zealand in a mail steamer takes about six weeks. If the passengers on their arrival make a tour—lengthways—from Stewart Island to Mongonui, they will dispel all doubts about the North and South Islands being alike—a not unpopular belief.

Nobody—except perhaps a clever book-reviewer, or an Egyptian Hall conjuror—could condense the peculiarities, as well as the past and present history of the Colony, into an article of medium length. And even supposing any one could, such a literary "boiling-down" would, we fear, be too rich for the ordinary reader, it would be mentally indigestible.

Therefore, we will only attempt a passing description of some of the most important cities, and give a little "bush-life," and then call attention to the sublime grandeur of "The Southern Alps" and the exquisite tropical scenery. Yet, above all, we wish to lay particular stress upon this fact: New Zealand and Australia have little in common with one another. Why should there be any

similarity? They are a great distance apart. Their climates are quite different. Their aborigines are striking contrasts; the natives of Australia being slender and timid—the Maoris being a warlike, powerful, deep-chested race, rather clumsily built, and almost aggressively independent.

Again, the two Colonial Governments are totally distinct. Even the "squatters" have no strong resemblance. The average New Zealand Colonial is a plodding and homely individual, compared to the typical Australian settler, who has "go-ahead" ideas, and is something between an Englishman and an American.

A little reflection, and a hasty glance at an atlas, will immediately show us the reason why Northern New Zealand is tropical; in fact, nearly as hot as the cooler parts of India. In the South Island, N.Z., thick winter-clothing is often needed.

"AUCKLAND," a prettily-situated town in the North Island, may be termed the capital of tropical New Zealand. The harbour is lovely, from an artist's point of view.

WELLINGTON, in the extreme south of the North Island—it reads like an "Irishism"—is a windy place. It lays just claim to possessing the largest wooden buildings in the world; they are the Government buildings, inside which Socialistic Paid-Members are supposed to do their level best to make "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" a reality, and not a mere enticing dream. However, we will not fatigue our brains by enquiring whether or not they earn their salaries, or only regard politics, and stump oratory, as a means of livelihood!

CHRISTCHURCH, the capital of Canterbury in the South Island, is not unlike a youthful English cathedral town. Needless to say, it has an ecclesiastical tendency, but there is also a strong mimicry of Oxford about it. An indescribable mingling of hunting and racing, club life, sobered by a clerical leaven, makes this town unique. Canterbury district is analagous to Virginia before the American War of North against South.

The ordinary human bird-of-passage would never comprehend the "ins and

outs" of Christchurch society, unless he were introduced to that home of sport and Puritanism by someone who "thoroughly understood the ropes."

For there is a ludicrous amount of etiquette observed amongst an exclusive society "set," which takes the "new chum" by surprise. A gentleman, for instance, who belongs to a certain club, very likely earns his living by "letting out cabs," or he may own a "pub." or "keep a store," or, perhaps, "run a wine and spirit business." Yet, oddly enough, another gentleman, with fairly good credentials, would get "black-balled" if his name was "put-up," because he failed to come up to a certain standard of social excellence which, perhaps, only a Christchurch resident could define. This unwritten law is as inexorable as the better known one of the ancient Medes and Persians.

The clubs have bed-rooms, for which the charges are reasonable. Lawn-tennis courts are attached to the clubs, and servants wait in livery—a most unusual thing in the Colonies, where "Jack's as good as his master."

There is not much business "go" about the town. Nor is there, as a general rule, about an English cathedral town, when one comes to think of it. Therefore, why should we expect commercial hurry and skurry in an ecclesiastical-minded modern Oxford of, comparatively speaking, no great size?

The tramways are most convenient, and cleaner than our "bus" "at home." The hotels are fairly good, and their prices moderate.

A handsome cathedral, with a lofty spire, built in the centre of a large square, is the most conspicuous edifice. There is an extraordinarily large post office; and several impressive-looking banks. The shops, or, rather, "stores," are good, but—to English notions—expensive.

The principal feature about the straggling suburbs, is the picturesque river—not very wide—overshadowed by weeping-willows; these trees were originally cuttings from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. At least so the story goes.

There is a well-managed race-course. The grounds are laid out with a great deal of taste; something on the same

lines as our Ascot, and much more effectively than Sandown.

DUNEDIN may be described as the capital of the cold regions; the inhabitants are pronouncedly Scotch. They are kindhearted, canny, and very suspicious. If a stranger is fortunate enough to belong to any of their clans, or gets a footing into one of their numerous cliques, they will do anything for him—in reason.

The buildings are imposing, and trade seems brisk. Altogether, it is far more of a business city than Christchurch—we are justified in calling it the Manchester of the Colony. Or, to be more exact, it is to New Zealand, what Geneva is to Switzerland.

Like most Colonial towns, Dunedin is well laid out; and the inhabitants seem very intelligent. The ordinary resident wonders what a person's income is more than what club he belongs to. Supposing the "new chum" is not overburdened with the "almighty dollars," or is not prepared to spend or invest them, why then the average Dunedinite has no wish to entertain him for a quixotic length of time. He is a capital citizen of the world, as well as of Dunedin; he approves of the electric light, which is extensively used; and is deeply interested in stocks and shares. He has no maudlin sentiment, and is the personification of thriftiness.

Readers may smile on, being told that farming is quite as prosperous in England, at the present moment, as it is in New Zealand. Unquestionably the "labour question" is a serious one, particularly in the Colony, and indeed "at home" also!

Neither sheep nor cattle stations pay a high percentage. A considerable number of the "runs" are heavily mortgaged to the Colonial banks. As a rule, "squatters" make both ends meet; but hardly ever a fortune nowadays, not even in good years.

There is capital trout-fishing and plenty of hares to shoot. Hunting is popular, but the English sportsman who has not iron nerves will feel alarmed at jumping wire. Although New Zealand horses are thoroughly schooled to clear what to our minds are unsportsmanlike fences—viz., wire ones.



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Only experienced mechanics will be employed, under the personal supervision of Mr. HARRY PANZETTA, who will be in constant attendance at the works, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., except on Saturdays, when we close at 1.30 p.m.

Trusting to be favoured with your commands, and assuring you of prompt attention,

Yours obediently, A. C. HILL.

The descendants of some pigs which the famous Captain Cook imported have by now become wild, so those who like the wild excitement of "pig-sticking" can indulge their taste. James Cook, the son of a Yorkshire labourer, was made a Lieutenant on May 25th, 1768, and explored New Zealand shortly afterwards.

Racing finds many supporters, but is not so magnificently conducted as in Australia.

English racing men could learn a great deal from those who are associated with "blood stock" in the Colonies. The wire-net "starting machine" has

matter where he picked his knowledge up, Sloan has proved himself a success on the English Turf.

The illustration on p. 566 shows the beautiful New Zealand tree-ferns, growing wild in the bush. Unhappily, in a photograph, the delicate tints of nature are not brought out. But even from the bare outlines—so very unflattering—the reader can gather a faint idea that this semi-tropical "plant," or "tree"—call it which you will—compares in grace with the more widely known palm.

"Tree-ferns" have a distinct advantage over their rivals, in some respects. Palms grow in dried-up regions.



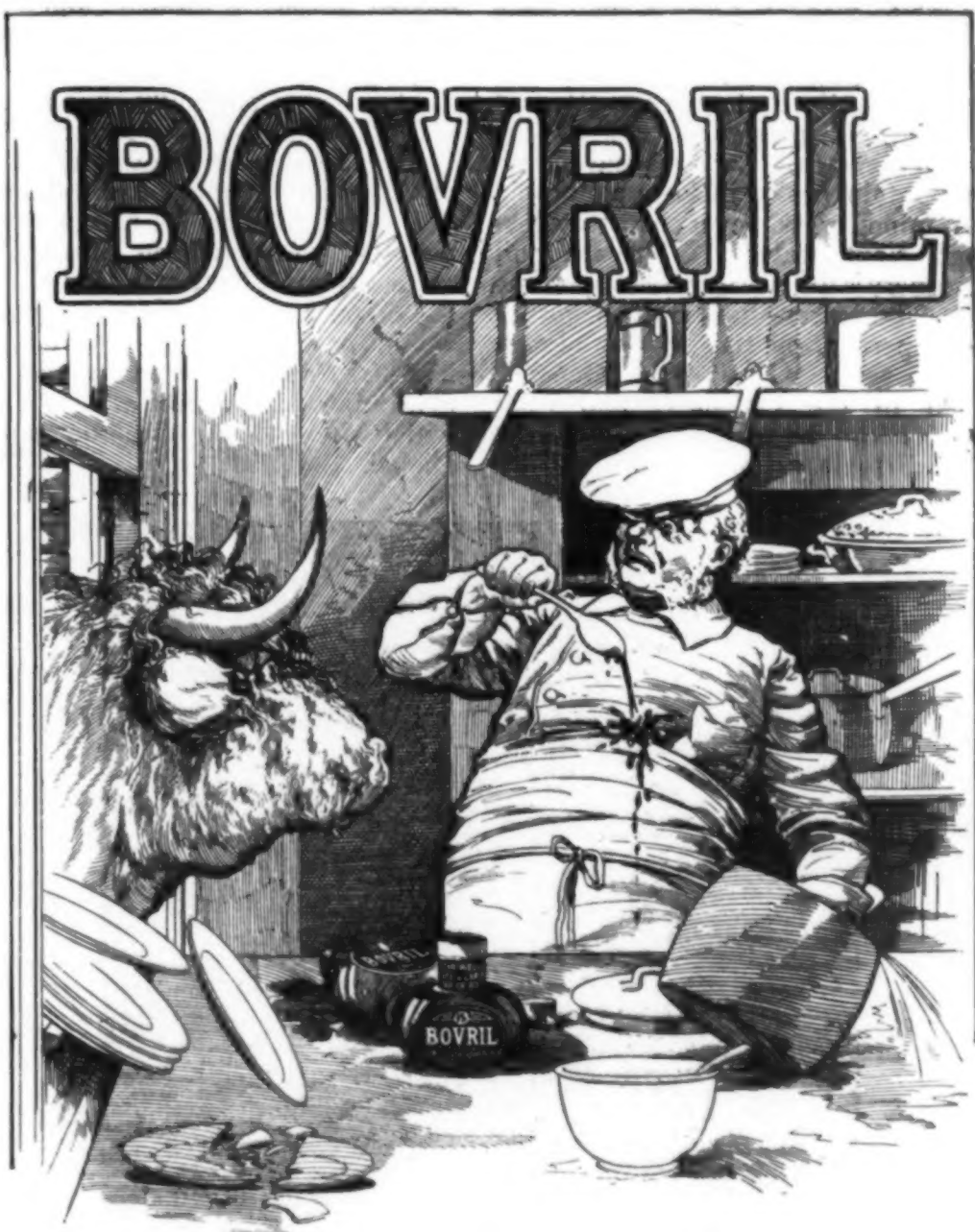
SHEEP STATION ON CANTERBURY PLAIN

long been in use there. And so also have "numbers" on the saddle cloths—to identify the different runners.

Both the "stands" and race-luncheons are much better managed. As regards "making the pace," from post to finish *à la* Tod Sloan, why every flat-race and steeplechase in Australia and New Zealand has been ridden that way for years. Hence the "good times." For all we know to the contrary, the American jockey may have laid this lesson to heart, and learnt "making the pace" from our own countrymen on the other side of the equator. Well; no

Whereas exquisite tree-ferns frequently rear their stately forms high above fresh undergrowth, in almost moist districts. They are to be found at the foot of a mountain, perhaps close to a glacial stream; in the background, towering snow-clad peaks. What could be more picturesque than the hitherto underrated Southern Alps?

A poet's pen could not do justice to New Zealand scenery. Imagine a semi-tropical Switzerland, only with a lower range of Alps; where every fresh glimpse of gorges, or ravines, resembles the descriptions told to children of



LOOKING FOR MISSING RELATIVES.

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Bovril converts in a moment the often inadequate materials at the housewife's disposal into a delicious and nourishing dish. Its possibilities in the hands of a culinary expert are endless. It adds savour and relish to game, roasted meats, meat pies and puddings, stews, hashes, and all kinds of entrées, and makes an excellent inpromptu soup, broth or gravy.

Fairyland. Lovely cascades reflect rainbow-colours; a powerful tropical glare makes the white mail-coach-road glisten. Long white wooden bridges span wide river beds. Immense forests, vast plains, kiviis, or wingless birds, the deteriorated Maoris, a chaotic Parliament, cattle and sheep stations, mortgaged up to the hilt, together with glaciers and snow-clad mountain peaks, make a panorama in the mind of whoever has travelled through New Zealand. The tranquil giant scenery is for ever engraven upon the heart. The seeker-after-truth—a rather terrible person, by the way—is almost certain to ask: "How was 'Océana' received in the Colonies; and what impression did its talented author, the late Mr. Froude, leave behind him?"

Honesty prompts us to answer, that he was considered, very rightly, a great scholar, well versed in Greek and Latin poetry, especially Virgil's—and was competent to write pretty accurately upon Cape politics. But his accounts of New Zealand were generally supposed to be a reproduction of the late Sir George Grey's ideas. Yet every studious reader of "Océana" is compelled to admit that it is admirable work—a little prejudice perhaps. And written purely from a cultured-man's lofty standard.

To put matters bluntly—the book would have been even more valuable had Mr. Froude entered more enthusiastically into the manly and free calling which is a New Zealand squatters' choice.



NEW ZEALAND TREE FERNS